A Nightmare
ON ELM STREET 5
THE DREAM CHILD

FADE IN:

INT. ALICE'S - NIGHT - EXTREMELY CLOSE ON

a moving wall of muscled skin, tinged blue by moonlight.

Four claw-like scratches are raked across this landscape in bright red. Throaty, guttural MOANS drift up from somewhere.

Are we in heaven? Or hell.

TIGHT SHOTS ON

A delicate hand caressing a muscled bishop.

A woman's leg entwined around a man's.

A cascade of red hair falling across an unshaven cheek.

Two faces pressed tightly together in a kiss.

The faces belong to ALICE and DAN, and as their moans build to a crescendo we realize it isn't pain we're hearing but the opposite. Afterwards...

ALICE'S HANDS

gently rove Dan's back, tenderly caressing the scratches they've just made.

CLOSE ON ALICE

her relaxed, happy face gazes up from the pillow. She turns and smiles at Dan.

Dan sleepily smiles back, then gently reaches out to caress her shoulder. Their eyes hold for a moment. Alice leans over and kisses him.

ALICE

I'm going to take a shower.

Dan nods and closes his eyes, still smiling. Alice climbs from bed. FOLLOW HER.

INT. ALICE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT - ON SHOWER DRAIN

Water pours down into the drain from the shower. TIGHT on Alice's HEAD AND SHOULDERS as she steps INTO FRAME and stands under the cascading water.

IN THE SHOWER

The hot water streams down onto Alice's face. She scrubs herself clean. The water beats down on her shoulders and back. She rinses her hair. Shakes her wet head.

THE DRAIN

gives an odd gurgle, like something had backed up the plumbing.

ALICE

glances down. Nothing. Turns back the jets of water. The pressure builds up a little. She turns it down.

THE DRAIN

the gurgles again. The water starts to back up, rising around Alice's feet.

ALICE'S POV

She notices. Leans down, perturbed, as the water reaches her ankles and tries to clear the drain. No success. The water continues to back up.

ALICE

Oh great. The drain monster strikes

again.

ALICE

stands back up now, a little apprehensive. As the water rises to her knees, the pressure from the shower jet suddenly DOUBLES! Gallons of water now BLAST into the shower. Alice tries to turn it off but the handles come off in her hands!

She tries to open the shower door. IT WON'T BUDGE! She's trapped and now the water is climbing to her neck! Frantic, Alice POUNDS on the glass!

THE SHOWER

Completely full. Alice stands inside, completely under water, slamming her fists against the door, in desperation.

Suddenly...

INT. CORRIDOR OF DOORS - NIGHT

the door opens. But it is no longer Alice's glass shower door. It's one of the heavy doors in the asylum. As it opens toward CAMERA, Alice stumbles out of the STATIC WALL OF

WATER into a dark room. The door closes behind her and melts into the wall.

Alice looks around. She is in a dark empty corridor. Two doors flank both ends of the hallway. One opens.

Alice tries to peer beyond it. Darkness. Slowly, she gets to her feet and steps through it...

ANOTHER DOOR

further on, opens, beckoning her forward. And another door

beyond that. And another. Cautiously, Alice moves down this corridor of

invitations until...

INT. ASYLUM - TIGHT ON ALICE

as she steps through the last door. Shadows and light play across her face. She looks around. What she sees sends fear into her eyes. This is where Amanda Krueger was raped. The asylum.

PULL BACK

slowly down the length of this nightmarish room. Fingers of lights stab up from crusting floor grates and reach through the thick, murky air toward a dark cathedral ceiling, who's beams appear to be made from the bones of some unearthly creature.

CAMERA CONTINUES BACK

revealing beds and mattresses crowded along the walls. Old.

Filthy. Some torn to pieces. We can make out the figures of men lying in them. And others milling around. These are AMANDA'S HUNDRED MANIACS. All dressed in the garb of 1940's mental patients. Some pace aimlessly. Devoid of sanity and purpose. Others sit, lost in their own private hells. No one has noticed Alice. Yet. At the end of the room...

CAMERA CRANES UP, CONTINUING BACK

revealing a staircase that leads to a huge IRON DOOR. Two ORDERLIES hover on the landing before it, gazing into the dim scene below. One of them pokes his finger into the dark, silently counting. The other is eager to go.

ORDERLY #1

Come on, will ya.

ORDERLY #2

Shut up, you'll make me lose count...

eighty-two, eighty-three...

ALICE

looks down at herself. Now she is dressed in an old fashioned nurse's uniform. White and starched. There is a name tag over her left breast. It reads: AMANDA KRUEGER.

Alice barely has time to react when she hears the first orderly impatiently say...

ORDERLY #1

Close enough. Let's call it a hundred

and call it a day.

We hear the SOUND of RUSTY HINGES as the heavy door starts to swing closed. Alice looks up. Starts moving toward it.

ALICE

No...WAIT!

ON THE DOOR

As it slams closed with a resounding CLANG. We hear the SOUND of heavy bolts being thrown in place.

ALICE

whirls around. WHIP PAN with her as she discovers that the door she came through is no longer there.

She turns back to the room, frightened. Starts moving for the bolted steel door at the far end. As she hurries forward, the maniacs notice her. All heads turn. Horrible faces peer at her from everywhere. Some of the men move toward the center of the room, blocking her way.

Alice stops. There is no way past them to the door. She turns. The maniacs move in on her from all directions.

ALICE'S POV

Freddy's hundred fathers. A drooling, macabre parade of human beings. Hands grope toward her. Hideous faces leer.

ALICE

watches, terrified.

ALICE'S POV

This is looking less like an insane asylum in the 1940's and more like a nightmare scene of London's 16th century Bedlam!

The maniacs converge on her. One pushes his way through the others. (we recognize him as Robert Englund, sans Freddy make-up.) As he reaches toward her...

HIGH SHOT, LOOKING DOWN

as CAMERA begins to descend, pushing in, moving closer, the maniacs surround her. As they begin to drag her down, Alice turns her face up toward CAMERA. PUSH IN EXTREMELY CLOSE as she SCREAMS!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Alice lunges up from bed INTO FRAME. SCREAMING. Dan immediately sits up beside her, concerned. A hand rests on her shoulder, between them. Alice realizes where she is.

ALICE

Jesus...

CAMERA TRACKS AROUND

until Alice's profile blocks Dan's face. The following line begins OFF SCREEN, during the CAMERA TRACK.

VOICE (O.S.)

What's the matter hon? Bad dream?

Suddenly ENGLUND's leering face pushes into FOREGROUND FRAME, beside Alice. It's his hand on her shoulder and we realize that he spoke the line, not Dan. She turns, startled, then SCREAMS.

Englund rolls on top of her, pinning her to the mattress.

CLOSE ON ENGLUND

grinning down at her, his tongue snaking out his mouth.

ENGLUND

There's no such thing as safe sex.

ALICE

pushes him away with every ounce of her strength. She starts to sit up...

INT. ALICE'S - EARLY MORNING

Alice sits up, terrified! Looks around in panic. Realizes she's alone in bed. Where's Dan? She reflexively glances toward her open bedroom window. Its curtain gently billows with the morning breeze. Dan has gone home.

Alice tries to collect herself. The dream is over. But we can tell by her face that she is far from all right. She pulls on a robe and shakily climbs from bed.

INT. ALICE'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Alice moves toward the shower. Pauses before it. Takes a breath and opens

the door. Looks inside. Normal enough.

Turns on the water. Watches apprehensively as it pours serenely down the drain. She'd really rather not, but Alice reluctantly starts to remove her robe...

DAN (O.S.)

...we stand naked and defenseless before

an ever more unimaginable horror

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPRINGWOOD HIGH - DAY

CLOSE ON SPRAY OF WATER FROM A LARGE FOUNTAIN

PAN DOWN from the water to a statue in the fountain's center.

And from the statue down to Dan, dressed in a graduation cap and gown. He's perched on the statue's pedestal, his arm draped irreverently across the stone man's shoulder, grinning as he speaks.

DAN

...college. High school was only the

beginning for some of us. Don't forget:

S.A.T. stands for Sadistic, Anti-human,

Torture.

WIDER

Laughter from a sea of fellow graduates who are gathered round the base of the fountain, outnumbered by their less amused parents. Beyond them, we glimpse even more caps and gowns milling with roving bands of adults.

DAN (cont'd)

Most of us have just this one summer to

live... and by live I mean...paaarty!

The kids sends up a cheer as Dan throws his cap into the air and leaps off the fountain. He floats DOWN through a seas of ASCENDING caps, disappearing into the crown of students.

PAN OVER TO GRETA AND HER MOTHER

standing at the edge of the group. Greta is living proof of what God can create when he's having a good day. She's beautiful. and fashion model-thin. Her only flaw might be the hint of neuroses in her perfection.

Her mother, RACINE GIBSON, a once beautiful woman now expanding into middle age, raises a disapproving eyebrow toward Dan and the boisterous kids around them.

RACINE GIBSON

How colorful. Who is he?

GRETA

Dan Jordan. Captain of our football

team.

RACINE GIBSON

(with distaste)

Charming...

ANGLE ON GRETA

a head TALLER than everyone around her as she suddenly squeals with

delight, recognizing...

GRETA

Alice! Yvonne!

Through the swirling crowd we see Alice standing with YVONNE, a very grounded black girl. Her father stands with them.

Alice is a little glum, but Yvonne breaks into a wide grin as they both turn toward Greta.

YVONNE

Hey, girl!

Yvonne gives Alice a little tug and they hurry toward Greta.

THE THREE GIRLS

Yvonne and Greta throw their arms around one another and send up shrill noises of girlish delight. Then Yvonne breaks into the girls RAP.

YVONNE (cont'd)

I'm the Y, the V-O-N-N-E, and wherever I

am, that's the place to be.

ALL THREE

Yvonne!

Alice isn't getting into the spirit of things. Yvonne tries to inject a little enthusiasm into her.

YVONNE

(to Alice)

C'mon, honey!

Alice joins in, trying to be cheerful.

ALICE

I'm the A-L-I-C-E. Blond hair on my

head, blue eyes to see.

ALL THREE

Greta!

GREAT

The G-R-E-T-A and my mom says I'll be in

magazines one day!

ALL THREE

We're the three together, and together

we'll be. The Y, the A, don't forget the

G!

The all three put their hands together in an overhead SLAP.

Greta and Yvonne break into laughter. Alice halfheartedly joins them, about a step behind their good spirits.

YVONNE

(to Alice, good naturedly)

Hey, what's wrong with you -- let's see a

smile.

ALICE

Had kind of a long night.

YVONNE

(grins knowingly)

Dan keeping you up again? Put a lock on

that window, girl.

ALICE

(smiling)

No, the Dan part was nice...

Greta playfully tugs at her gown, interrupting them.

GRETA

These things are wild...

(striking pose)

What do you think?

YVONNE

Makes you look like a nun--

ALICE

(trying to cheer up)

Yeah - kick the habit! Break those vows!

They laugh. Greta feigns hormonal desperation.

GRETA

Find me a man!

MARK, good-looking, though considerably off-the-wall, STEPS

INTO SHOT holding a SMALL SKETCHPAD and a LARGE, EXCESSIVE

LOLLIPOP. He speaks to her as though he were a fashion photographer.

MARK

No, it's all wrong. Sell it! More teeth

and raise the arms a bit.

Greta drops the pose and addresses the heavens.

GRETA

(sarcastically)

Maybe I should spell it for you.

ALICE

(playfully)

Maybe God's trying to tell you something.

Mark smiles at Greta, as he puts away his sketchbook.

They're old friends and this is a familiar game.

MARK

Yeah, when are you gonna come to your

senses?

GRETA

Next life. Oh, what's that?

MARK

My undying love. Have some.

Yvonne and Alice laugh.

ALICE

Give up, Mark, it's hopeless.

MARK

(with a grin)

I think I'm starting to wear her down.

(to Greta)

Have some anyway.

GRETA

(aghast)

That must never pass these lips.

RACINE GIBSON

Greta, that's not what a cover girl puts

in her body.

Past her shoulder, Greta indicates Mrs. Gibson, glaring disapprovingly. Mark gets conspiratorial.

MARK

Meet me later. Milkshakes. Cherry pie.

Banana splits. And no mom!

GRETA

Pimples, heartburn, cellulite... and no

modeling career.

ALICE

Not to mention the heartbreak of

psoriasis.

ALL LAUGH.

MARK

Greta, come on. One burger with me?

GRETA

One with you and I'm off to comic book

land. We're high school graduates now.

Time to grow up.

Dismisses his sketchbook.

GRETA (cont'd)

And speaking of grown-ups... Daddy's

here, superhero.

All turn as Mark's father, MR. GREY, approaches. Mr. Grey steps into shot. A rugged, blue collar type, he glances at the girls then at Mark. His hearty

cheerfulness contains a note of reproach.

MR. GREY

Hey Rembrandt!. No wonder I couldn't

find you. I thought you'd be hanging out

with the guys.

Mark becomes uncomfortable in this big man's presence.

MARK

Oh, hi, Dad. I thought the guys could

hang out with themselves.

They offer up a trio of hellos. Alice turns to Mark.

ALICE

Did you bring your sketchbook to the

ceremony. I'd love to see what you did

to D.W.

MR. GREY

Who?

GRETA

D.W. Yates. The Principal.

He looks to Mark, who goes sheepish, then fesses up.

MARK

Uh, Dickweed, sir.

Mark's dad isn't too amused.

MR. GREY

Uh huh... I hope you had time to finish

those cross-sections I asked for.

MARK

Can we get into that later, Dad?

There is an awkward beat as everyone falls quiet.

ALICE

Good to see you again, Mr. Grey.

(begs off)

I've got to go find Dan.

YVONNE

Yeah, before they revoke his diploma.

As Alice turns away, the cheerful face she put on dissolves and we see that underneath she's still on the edge.

FOLLOW ALICE through the crowd. Suddenly, a DARK SHAPE looms

up behind her, lifting her in a bear hug. Alice jumps, startled. As the big arms twirl her around she comes face to face with Dan. He smiles.

DAN

Hi, beautiful.

ALICE

Jesus! Don't do that!

DAN

Sorry, babe.

He sets her down, his feelings hurt. Alice recovers.

ALICE

Me too. Give me a kiss.

He plants one on her lips. Then...

DAN

Got a present for you.

He reaches into a pocket beneath his gown. Grins as he hands her two AIRPLANE TICKETS tied with a ribbon. She tries to be enthusiastic, but doesn't come off.

ALICE

The tickets.

DAN

They're coach seats, but the plane lands

in Paris. It's gonna be a helluva

summer, hon!

ALICE

I know.

Dan's well-acquainted with Alice's moods. He turns to her with a lover's required patience.

DAN

Okay, babe. What's the matter?

ALICE

Nothing...it's just...I didn't see my

father at the ceremony.

DAN

He'll show up. C'mon, what's really

wrong?

Alice hesitates.

ALICE

I had one of those dreams last night.

Dan's face grows concerned.

DAN

About him?

ALICE

No. Well, not exactly...it's that...I

felt like I wasn't in control. For the

first time since...all that. I'm scared.

Dan gives her a reassuring hug.

DAN

You stopped it didn't you? It was

probably just a regular bad dream.

ALICE

Yeah...I guess.

DAN

You don't dream him up, he can't hurt

you. Or me. Or us. Remember...

ALICE

You're right.

DAN

There you go.

(beat)

Love you.

ALICE

Me too.

Suddenly, MR. JORDAN, Dan's robust middle-aged father, approaches through the crowd, excited.

MR. JORDAN

Dan, this is Coach Ostrow...

Dan's father drags a gruff-looking, crew-cutted man INTO

SHOT. Dan's mother brings up the rear.

MR. JORDAN (cont'd)

(conspiratorially to Dan)

He's interviewing this week.

(to coach)

Coach, you're looking at the stat's

finest quarterback. You know what they

say = this boy feels the need for speed.

OSTROW

So I've hear.

DAN

Dad, summer's just starting --

Mr. Jordan starts to lead Dan away.

MR. JORDAN

We're talking about your future.

Mrs. Jordan shoots a less than friendly look at Alice.

MRS. JORDAN

Excuse us, dear.

ALICE

It's okay, Dan

Dan and his parents move away with the coach. Alice stares after them as they disappear into the crowd. Turns away...

AT THE FOUNTAIN

A wall of people moves away and Alice finds herself among Yvonne, Greta and Mark again. Mark is answering Greta.

MARK

That club sucks, they card everybody.

Let's just party at your place.

GRETA

You know my mother -- get real. What

about Alice's?

Alice shakes her head.

ALICE

My dad's got this thing about drinking in

the house.

MARK

Well we gotta do something!

Yvonne shares an amused look with Alice, then steps in takes control.

YVONNE

All right kids, I tell you what we're

gonna do. I've got swimming practice

until six-thirty today...

GRETA

(trying to follow)

Yeah...

YVONNE

That means they're gonna give me the key

to the pool so I can lock up when I'm

done.

Mark's face lights up. He goes off like a joy bomb.

MARK

Pool party! I dig it! Babes in wet T-

shirts. No -- topless! Fucking heaven!

The three girls look at each other, annoyed. Then break out in mischievous grins.

ALICE

The Y, the A...

GRETA & YVONNE

Don't forget the G!

On cue, the girls all give Mark a SHOVE! He falls back, arms flailing, and lands on his ass in the middle of the fountain!

Everyone nearby LAUGHS. Mark looks up at the girls, innocent.

MARK

What'd I say?

The girls help pull a chagrined Mark from the fountain.

Suddenly, Alice frowns, remembering something.

ALICE

Oh, damn! I have to work tonight.

GRETA

Tell Dan to bring you after.

(to Mark)

C'mon, let's get you mopped up.

MR. GREY

Mark! Picture time. Come get

immortalized. Parents and brats.

All groan.

RACINE GIBSON

(calling)

Greta! Photo opportunity, dear!

GRETA

Damn. They caught me, too. Guess I'd

better go gnash my thousand-dollar teeth

for the paparazzi.

Alice glances at her watch. Looks around for someone. Can't find him. She looks a little more unhappy. As Mark, Greta, and Yvonne prepare to go...

ALICE

you guys go ahead. I'll catch up with you

later.

NEAR THE TREES

Alice trudges along, staring at the ground, unhappy.

ALICE (cont'd)

(to herself)

Congratulations, Alice. You looked

beautiful up there. I'm so proud of

you...gee, thanks Dad.

VOICE (O.S.)

You do look beautiful.

Alice looks up, surprised. Her father stands before her, near a tree. She smiles. Her father tentatively smiles back; a gruff man, uncomfortable with emotional displays.

ALICE

I was afraid you weren't coming.

ALICE'S DAD

I watched from behind the stands. Didn't

want to embarrass you, ya know. "The

drunk showed up", that kind of thing...

ALICE

That's in the past. Unless you've

stopped going to the meetings.

ALICE'S DAD

No. A deal's a deal.

He produces a wrapped present from behind his back.

Hesitates, awkward, then hands it at her. Alice's face lights up as she stares at the package.

ALICE'S DAD (cont'd)

Well, go on. Open it.

She gleefully rips the paper off and opens the box. It's a camera. She smiles, delighted and surprised.

ALICE

Dad!

ALICE'S DAD

It's the model you've been saving up for.

I wanted you to have it for your trip.

Alice stares lovingly at him.

ALICE

I don't give a damn what they might

think. You're terrific.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek. He tries to take it in stride. She ponders him a second longer. Then takes his arm and begins to lead him toward the foundation.

ALICE'S DAD

Where are we going?

ALICE

To take a picture.

ANGLE ON PARENTS AND KIDS

lining up for a group photo. Alice and her father ENTER

SHOT. Alice hands her camera to someone just OFF SCREEN. We see them all taking places, changing their minds, moving next to someone else. Mark's father puts a big arm around Greta's mother. Beams, unaware of the horror and distaste that just leapt onto Racine's face.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER

Parents and off spring are moving toward their cars. CAMERA PANS across the crowd to...

ALICE AND DAN

hugging. Her father stands a few feet away.

DAN

Call me when your shift ends.

Alice nods. Dan shakes her father's hand.

DAN (cont'd)

Goodbye, sir. I'll have her home by

August.

Alice's father frowns.

DAN (cont'd)

Just kidding.

Dan smiles at Alice and heads off. Alice hands her gown and flowers to her father as he opens the car door.

ALICE

Thanks for everything, Dad.

ALICE'S DAD

You sure you don't want a ride to work?

ALICE

It's just across the park.

He climbs into the car. Smiles his gruff smile.

ALICE'S DAD

Okay, angel. Have fun tonight.

Alice waves goodbye as he starts the car.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD - DUSK

Alice walks down an empty street. Perhaps too empty to be right. There is a

faint SING-SONG NOISE, but it's not yet discernible as anything.

ALICE

gives a faint look of ominous recognition.

ON THE STREET

Alice passes the entrance to the park.

INT. PARK - ALICE'S POV

Groups of kids are playing on the swings, in the sandbox, on the slide. The SING-SONG continues.

ALICE

sees something.

ALICE'S POV - PAST THE OTHER CHILDREN

The ELM STREET CHILDREN play their ominous rope games... The SING-SONG becomes identifiable now. It's the Elm Street Children's Anthem... "three four, better shut the door..."

ALICE

Her face hardens with resolve.

ALICE

No. This isn't going to happen.

She closes her eyes tight. Then opens them again.

ALICE'S POV

Worse now. All the normal children are gone. Only the Elm Street Kids remain...playing their endless games.

ALICE

grows more determined. Heads into the park. CAMERA STAYS

WITH HER as she moves with increasing speed.

THE ELM STREET CHILDREN

always managing to somehow stay one turn ahead of her.

THE PARK

itself has taken on a foreboding darkness. The trees cast oddly elongated shadows.

ALICE

has left the path. She moves rapidly now through branches that tear at her clothing and her face. Soon she is running blindly in the direction of the ever present VOICES. She breaks through some bushes and finds herself in a...

CLEARING

An open green in the center of the park. She is all alone...

and the effect, even to the color of the grass at her feet, is dreamlike. The VOICES have ceased.

ALICE'S POV - IN A 360 PAN

There is nothing but the green common with the trees and brush all around it...

But from somewhere nearby, she hears the chanting VOICES

they've added a new couplet.

VOICES

Nine ten, Freddy's back again...

CAMERA CONTINUES IN A SECOND 360

And now, where there was foliage a moment ago we see a set of GOTHIC STEPS, framing a SILHOUETTED NUN.

ALICE

stares with intrigue as the children's voices fade.

ANGLE ON THE STEPS - LOOKING DOWN

past stone GARGOYLES in the FOREGROUND. The nun hurries up the steps toward CAMERA, her face obscured by her habit's veil. As the nun moves PAST CAMERA we see Alice, at the bottom of the steps, hurrying after her.

ALICE

Wait!

ANGLE ON ASYLUM DOORS

at the top of the steps as the nun moves inside.

ANGLE ON STEPS - FROM INSIDE DOOR

Alice runs up, INTO SHOT. Stops. Glances up at something high above her.

ON THE ASYLUM TOWER

rising toward the sky. Immense and imposing. Three windows set in a row at the very top, are it's only features.

REVERSE ANGEL - LOOKING DOWN AT THE STEPS

INT. HOSPITAL CONVENT - NIGHT

Completely deserted. Alice moves slowly down a seemingly endless corridor. She passes a deserted reception area, then an empty nurses station. Open doors lead into frightening pits of darkness all along the hallway.

INTERCUT Alice's pensive watchful face with the shadowy ominous world through which she is walking. We just know that something really nasty is going to happen. As she passes an open doorway, she hears a strange, animal SOUND

form the room within. She pauses, looks inside, then recoils with shock as she sees a sheep, it's mouth all bloody, standing with it's lamb, near the carcass of a large, dead snake. Suddenly she hears the sound of rusty wheels and whirls around to see:

A FREDDYESQUE BABY STROLLER

black, ominous looking, rusting, rolls slowly down the corridor toward Alice from behind. As it moves toward CAMERA, PAN WITH IT TO...

ALICE

as she backs against the wall watching the evil pram roll past. Then Alice notices something beyond it, far down the corridor. CAMERA follows her gaze to...

THE NUN

hurrying SOUNDLESSLY through a doorway. We only catch a glimpse of her as she disappears from view.

ALICE

reacts. Runs past the stroller towards the nun.

THE WHITE OF A NUN'S HABIT SWIRLS OUT OF CAMERA to reveal staircase.

SHOOTING FROM OVERHEAD as Alice moves INTO FRAME and starts up the staircase.

ALICE'S POV

Moving up. There is a SQUEAKY ECHO OF WHEELS OFF-SCREEN.

ON ALICE FROM BELOW

as she turns to look down.

CLOSE ON ALICE

as she looks back up the stairs. She takes one step forward

and...

WHAM!!

She's yanked down OUT OF FRAME!

A SET OF DOUBLE DOORS

BANGS open. Alice lies on a gurney, her head tilted back to face the CAMERA mounted behind her head. The gurney races down a corridor, pushed by a dirty, unshaven, orderly.

BANG!!

She is pushed through another set of doors into INT. DELIVERY ROOM

WHITE HABITED NURSES, AIDES, and DOCTORS all crowd around and peer down at her.

ALICE

looks around, horrified and confused.

A DOCTOR

leans down toward her.

DOCTOR

There's nothing to be afraid of. Just do

exactly what I say.

ALICE

sits bolt upright on the gurney.

ALICE

No!!!!!

HER POV PANNING

The crowd of spectators...orderlies, nurses and doctors, have all backed away and now crowd the walls of the room. STOP ON

ALICE AMONG THEM AND TRACK INTO CLOSE UP. (Alice is still in hospital gown.)

ALICE (IN THE SPECTATORS)

Her eyes lock with...

AMANDA KRUEGER'S

who is now the one on the gurney, about to give birth.

AMANDA

Help me...why is this happening again?

Please! Don't let him do this...

A painful contraction wracks her body.

ALICE

tries to understand the meaning of her words.

AMANDA

is now lost in the agony of Freddy's birth.

DOCTOR

Don't panic, sister. We've got a breach

birth here. It's backwards. I'm going to

have to turn it around. Okay.

Deep breath. Here we go. I need you to

push...now! Push!

The birth proceeds.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Holy shit!! What is it?!

A NUN

stands, holding something in swaddling (which obscures the thing from her view. She addresses her answer to Amanda.) NUN

This is still one of God's creatures, you

know. Take solace in that.

AMANDA

struggles upright on the operating table. She is drenched in sweat and clearly terrified. She stares directly into the eyes of the nun holding the swaddled bundle.

AMANDA

That is no creature of God!

THE NUN

gazes at Amanda, shocked by her words. She starts to speak.

Suddenly, the swaddled bundle begins to kick and beat furiously. The nun fights to keep hold of it, but the bundle struggles free from her grasp and falls under the gurney. In a second, it scuttles into the shadows.

We hear a horrible BRAYING SOUND.

THE ORDERLIES

involuntarily step back, staring at the thing on the floor.

Then general panic sets in.

AMANDA (cont'd) Stop it! Give it to me!

A few orderlies scramble to close the doors. Some bolt through them, racing to get away from the thing on the floor.

Bedlam reigns as people shout and rush around.

ALICE

watches, transfixed. Then...

BABY FREDDY'S POV

streaking towards Alice. He scuttled between her legs and out through the double doors.

AMANDA (0.S. cont'd)

Don't let it get away!

THE DOUBLE DOORS

swing closed. PAN to Alice, as she gets back to her feet and turns.

ALICE'S POV

The delivery room is empty.

ALICE

turns back to the doors. She moves slowly and deliberately.

THE DOORS - ALICE'S POV

CAMERA moves toward them.

ALICE

scared but determined. She stops in front of them.

THE DOORS

HOLD LONG ENOUGH so that we're dead sure something evil is going to jump right into Alice's face.

ALICE

takes a deep breath and reaches out to open the doors!

Nothing awful grabs her. Her expression changes to one of horrified recognition.

INT. CHURCH - OVER ALICE'S SHOULDER

where Freddy "died" in Nightmare Four. That horrible BRAYING

SOUND comes from somewhere nearby. TRACK WITH HER as she starts into the church. CRANE UP OVER HER to reveal the

church in all its horrid glory, full of Freddyized church artifacts. There is no sign of the "baby."

ALICE'S POV

moving past row after row of pews. There are SLIMY, GULPING

NOISES now, SOUNDS even more unspeakably unpleasant that the thing's BRAYING.

The SOUNDS echo in a way that tells Alice nothing about where they're coming from. The thing could be anywhere.

ALICE

ain't to happy about that!

NEAR THE ALTAR

Freddy's fetid remains lie in a crumpled heap. We recognize bits of striped sweater. A claw catches a stray bit of light from somewhere. In the distance, Alice moves slowly forward.

ALICE

stops for a moment...staring at the place she thought she left her nightmare forever.

There is a SLITHERING SOUND from the steps leading to the altar!

ALICE

watches in horror.

THE FETAL MONSTER - ALICE'S POV

now we see this "baby". It's shape is vaguely human, but with the gleaming skin of a flayed goat. It seems to grow as it moves. The thing slithers toward the decaying remains of Freddy's signature outfit. All the while, its shape is

becoming more loathsomely human...

ALICE

Her eyes widen as she realizes what is about to happen.

ALICE

You can't make me bring you BACK!

THE THING

begins to crawl in through on of Freddy's pants legs.

ALICE

runs toward the altar.

There is an EAR-SPLITTING NOISE OF WOOD BEING RIPPED AWAY.

THE ALTAR

rise from the floor. The floorboards begin to tilt up toward Alice as they are torn from their foundation.

The angle of the rising floor throws Alice back. She looks at the altar.

ALICE'S POV

It continues to rise, preventing her from reaching it.

ALICE

can only desperately, impotently try to crawl "uphill"

through the dust and smoke towards the impending resurrection, powerless to prevent it.

WE INTERCUT

Alice's struggle to reach Freddy before he is "resurrected"

with...

SPLINTERING WOOD; SHATTERING GLASS; the RISING ALTAR.

CLOSE SHOTS of bits and pieces of Freddy's metamorphosis seen through the growing dust of the crumbling church, as that embryonic thing GROWS...into clothes...into the glove...into the body.

ALICE

struggles, but there is no way she can even reach the altar, and God knows what she could do even if she did get there.

ONE FINAL CLOSE UP

of Freddy's mid-section, stretching fully into shape. And then, suddenly...

The floor falls back into its level position with a dust raising THUD. Alice hits the ground. HARD.

SILENCE. And dust. Then.

ALICE

raises herself up off the floor. Looks around.

ALICE'S POV

Nothing but dust and smoke, back-lit by light streaming in through the broken stained glass windows.

ALICE

in BACKGROUND, through the smoke as...in EXTREME FOREGROUND

CLOSE-UP, the charred remains of a hand, reconstructing itself, reaches down and slips into the glove.

ON ALICE

as she hears the GHASTLY SCRAPING SOUND of Freddy's claws.

THE ALTAR - ALICE'S POV

Nothing but the settling dust...and somewhere behind it, a figure silhouetted in the shadows.

FREDDY EMERGES

standing in front of the pulpit with his arms raised in an ultimate mockery of the resurrection.

He looks even a little more grotesque than usual. Misshapen, like the Crooked Man. His arms and legs aren't quite the same length. The joints are twisted so that nothing in his body seems aligned. Nevertheless, he smiles at Alice, and his smile's more malevolent then ever.

FREDDY

It's a boy.

ALICE

backs away from him, frightened...and angry. Freddy's not in a very good mood, either. The two circle each other, keeping their distance.

ALICE

You can't come back! I locked the door

on you!

Freddy laughs, a dry rasping cackle. Takes a step closer to her. Terrified, Alice reflexively strikes out. But Freddy vanishes. His chilling laugh echoes around the church walls.

Alice follows that laughter with her frightened eyes, searching for him.

Suddenly...

Freddy appears right behind her. He slips his arm around her waist and caresses her tummy with his clawed hand.

FREDDY

But I found the key!

Alice almost jumps out of her skin. She spins around to see Freddy throw his head back and CACKLE...then a shaft of light comes through the rear doors of the church. Freddy turns toward it. His laughter abruptly dies.

Alice faces the doors too.

AMANDA KRUEGER

in her nun's habit, gazes at them from a room beyond the doors. She is RIMLIT, caught in the light streaming from THREE WINDOWS behind her. She points an accusing finger at Freddy. (Amanda speaks in the austere voice of a young woman, though it is the same actress playing Amanda throughout.)

AMANDA

Your birth was a curse on humanity. But

the more evil that was in me is no more.

I will not allow this to happen again.

FREDDY

makes a sound of PURE HATRED as he glares at his mother.

He's almost beside himself with rage as...

AMANDA

turns to Alice.

AMANDA (cont'd)

Bring him home.

ALICE

starts to move towards Amanda. Picks up her pace as she goes.

ALICE

Home? How? Where?

ON AMANDA AND ALICE

as Alice now RUNS toward her.

AMANDA

Rid yourself of...

But just as Alice is about to reach the doors, they SLAM

CLOSED in her face.

ALICE

No!

Alice struggles to get the big doors open. When she does, she hurries through only to find herself...

INT. CRAVE INN - NIGHT

...walking through the diner's front door. (She's back in her street clothes.) The place is empty. Too empty. We're certain that Alice is still in her nightmare. She looks around. Puzzled. Completely freaked out. She feels the

counter and furniture, checking out the "reality" of the place.

VOICE (O.S.)

(near shout)

Alice! Where've you been?

Alice damn near jumps out of her skin. Spins around! It's ANNE, a classmate and co-worker of Alice's. She's pretty pissed off. Relieved, Alice starts to break down. She's obviously disturbed and frightened.

ALICE

Anne! Oh god, I'm glad it's you. It was

terrible.

ANNE

You're hours late.

She throws her apron at Alice. WHIP PAN with the apron to Alice. She's genuinely stunned.

ALICE

Hours? Last thing I remember was

crossing the park...

She looks at the clock. It's after midnight. Anne angrily gathers her things.

ANNE

The party'll be history by the time I get

there... Great!

Alice just stands there, stunned. Anne shakes her head and moves toward the door.

ANNE (cont'd)

I wish I could get a prescription for

whatever you're on.

ALICE

(not hearing)

...what?

ANNE

I said thanks a lot, Alice. For nada!

The door slams as Anne goes out. Alice reaches for the telephone.

EXT. CAMPUS SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

A raucous pool party in full swing. People are splashing around in the water. Some dive from pool's edge to cannonball their friends. Laughter. Chatter. And the blare of loud ROCK MUSIC fills the air. Suddenly...

A GIRL'S BLOODCURDLING SCREAM

rises above the cacophony. People scatter to get the hell out of the way as...

YVONNE

leaping off the high-dive, plunges like a graceful comet toward the water's surface. Strikes the water where everyone else used to be.

She comes to the surface and swims to the pool's edge amid applause from the others. As she climbs from the water, FOLLOW HER through the swirling crowd of partying teens to DAN AND MARK

Dan sleepily lies in a lounge chair. An unopened bottle of champagne, decked with a ribbon, rests beside him. Mark is busy sketching in his book -- a "big hunk" with his arms around two "babes". He takes a sip of beer.

Greta sits next to them in a gorgeous bikini. She reaches into an ice chest and hands Dan a beer.

GRETA

So what did your dad say about you and

Alice going to Europe?

Dan passes the beer to Mark, who lines it up next to the one he's already got.

DAN

Not much. He mostly screamed. Thinks

I'm throwing my life away.

YVONNE

Who's throwing their life away?

Yvonne towels off herself as she tries to catch up on the conversation.

MARK

Dan. And he's taking Alice with him --

pretty good dive Yvonne. You've been

practicing.

YVONNE

Two hours a day, six days a week.

Greta offers a beer to Yvonne.

GRETA

Have another one, sounds like you need

it.

YVONNE

Naah, I'm done. Got to be on shift in a couple hours.

(gesturing to pool)

Aren't you going in?

GRETA

Nah. It's getting too cold for me, and

my wonderful mother will kill me if I

screw up my hair. She's got some model

agency guy coming to dinner tomorrow

night.

DAN

Don't you ever get tired of your mom

trying to run your life?

The others turn toward him. Mark and Greta know just what Dan means. Yvonne shrugs, matter of factly.

YVONNE

Don't let 'em.

DAN

Sure, no problem.

MARK

He's right. Sometimes I feel like I'm

living with Melicertes.

GRETA

Who?

MARK

Oh, he was this ancient guy I read about

who like, killed his kids 'cause they

didn't want to run the kingdom the way he

thought they should.

Greta stares at him, blown away.

GRETA

You're weird, you know that?

There is a beat, as all ponder this in silence. Then Mark breaks their reverie. Grabs Dan's champagne.

MARK

Screw 'em. Open the champagne. Let's

have a party.

Dan grabs the bottle away.

DAN

Hands off squirrel. That's for me and

Alice...for later.

Behind them we hear the SOUND of a glass breaking O.S.,

followed by a loud OUCH! They turn toward the sound.

ANGLE ON POOL'S EDGE

One of their classmates clutches his foot in pain, then pulls a piece of broken glass out. BLOOD pours out of the wound.

ANGLE ON MARK, DAN, GRETA AND YVONNE

Everyone cringes. But Mark really reacts. He turns PALE.

Closing his eyes tight.

MARK

Oh man! I could've gone all night

without looking at that.

GRETA

I don't believe this... All that gore you

paint in the comics and you're squeamish?

DAN

Just a little blood, guy.

MARK

Red ink I can handle by the bucket load.

The real stuff makes me... you know.

YVONNE

(joking)

Vomit?

MARK

Faint.

Dan shakes his head at Mark's sensitivity. He closes his eyes and leans back on the lounge chair as a JOCK approaches the group. Greta pats Mark on the shoulder.

GRETA

You can look now, it's safe.

Mark opens his eyes as the Jock leans toward them.

JOCK

Yo, Dan. Telephone.

Dan nods. Sets the bottle down and begins to head away.

DAN

I'll be right back -- and don't mess with

the bottle.

GRETA

We'll guard it with our lives.

INT. CRAVE INN - NIGHT

Alice talks on the telephone - trying to remain calm.

ALICE

It was him.

(she pauses)

I was awake when it happened. Do you

understand what I'm saying? He must have

dreamt himself up...Jesus, Dan...I'm

scared.

She listens. Seems to feel a little relief.

ALICE (cont'd)

I will...just hurry, okay?

EXT. CAMPUS SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Mark sits next to Greta, showing her his sketchbook. Yvonne is stretched out in Dan's lounge chair. Dan hurriedly approaches and yanks his jacket from the back of the chair, pulling Yvonne up a couple inches.

YVONNE

Somebody die?

DAN

Nah. I just gotta go.

Mark turns to Greta with a knowing grin.

MARK

Alice beckons.

Dan starts to hurry away. Mark calls to him.

MARK (cont'd)

Hey, Romeo. You forgot the secret

ingredient.

Dan stops. Mark hefts the champagne. Dan grabs it, almost in afterthought and rushes away.

MARK (cont'd)

There he goes, the fast man on three

legs.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dan's truck speeds along a deserted stretch of road.

IN THE TRUCK

Dan is at the wheel. He looks intense, worried about Alice.

He's also very tired. The VOICE of an abrasive TALK RADIO DJ

fills the cab. We listen to him while Dan fights to keep his eyes open.

D.J. (O.S.) Right, lady...and Elvis killed Marilyn

'cause the Kennedy's put fluoride in his

water. WHAT'S THE MATTER, LADY...DID YOU

GO OFF YOUR MEDICATION?!

He hangs up on her. PUSH IN CLOSER and CLOSER on Dan as this

conversation continues.

D.J. (O.S. cont'd)

Jesus...is there anyone out there with a

functioning brain that wants to talk to

me?

(a beat)

Line two...you're on the air.

Dan's eyes close for a second. There is an eerie BUZZ and STATIC from the radio.

MRS. JORDAN (O.S.)

I'm calling about my wayward ex-son

Daniel, who has just acted like on

ungrateful, unmanageable Dickweed, ever

since he was seduced by this bimbo, slut-

whore, Alice...

Dan's eyes open and he stares in shock at the radio which has transformed itself into a rusting antique.

DAN

Mom...?

Then another voice comes to him through the radio.

FREDDY (O.S.)

If I were you lady, I'd kill the

ungrateful piggy!

THE RADIO

changes from "talk show" to a BLARINGLY LOUD HEAVY METAL

STATION. Les's brilliant speed metal masterpiece "Fast Track To Hell" fills the car.

DAN

stares down at the radio. His confusion has given way to fear.

THE SEAT BELTS

snake out to impossible length, wrapping around his arms.

Dan manages to keep his right hand free, but the belts wind around the rest of his body, pinning his left arm uselessly to his chest.

THE TRUCK

crosses over onto the center divider, out of control.

CLOSE ON GAS AND BRAKE PEDALS

Dan tries to hit the brakes. But as his foot comes off the accelerator, the BRAKE PEDAL snakes around and slams down on top of his foot, pushing the accelerator to the floor.

DAN

winces in pain. Wrenches his left arm free of the belts and grabs the wheel. Desperately reaches with his right for the GEAR SHIFT, which ducks away from his groping hand like a darting cobra.

THE TRUCK

lurches across the center divider and charges into the oncoming traffic!

DAN

hunts wildly for the elusive gear shift. Hears a LOUD POP

from inside the cab. He looks over...

FREDDY

is now sitting in the passenger seat, clutching Dan's bottle of champagne. His side of the truck is now "Freddyized". He takes a huge gulp of champagne. Then...spits it out. It hits the dash, SIZZLING like ACID. More of it runs down his arm and shoulder. It's smoking, too. He turns to Dan.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Bad year.

DAN

some of the drops hit him, burning his chest and arms. Dan SCREAMS!

FREDDY

His striped jersey begins to smoke as the shoulder socket melts away. Freddy grins. Turns to Dan.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Better buckle up.

LOW ANGLE ON FREDDY

as he reaches with his left arm and RIPS his right arm off.

Then he welds the smoking socket onto the doorjam above the corner of the passenger window... and pulls his on his CLAW.

His arm STRETCHES like an extending seatbelt. He hooks his claw into a "Freddy buckle" at his waist.

DAN

has been watching all this in horror. Suddenly...he hears a loud HONK. WHIP PAN with Dan to his POV through the windshield as the BRIGHT LIGHTS of an approaching truck WHITE

OUT OF FRAME.

TRACKING TOWARDS DAN

as he looks down at the gear shift lever.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

slamming the lever into REVERSE.

CLOSE ON DAN'S TRUCK TIRE

skidding on the pavement. Burning rubber. Starting to melt as the brakes lock!

DAN

is slammed headfirst through the windshield. Shattering glass EXPLODES all around him, as Dan flies over the hood!

EXT. CAMPUS SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CEMENT AT POOL'S EDGE

Dan slams down INTO SHOT, bouncing on the hard ground. His lounge chair tumbles after him. Dan's entire body is lacerated with small cuts, his hair is singed and what's left of his clothes are tattered, smoking shreds.

He manages to untangle himself from the overturned chair and get to his feet. Somewhere a telephone is RINGING. That's what must have awakened him

in time to save his life.

Dan looks around, dazed. The pool is empty. The party has broken up. Dan turns toward the ringing phone.

Behind him is a glassed in cubicle/office. The ringing phone sits on a desk inside. Dan tries the door. Locked. Then suddenly comes to his senses in recognition.

DAN

Alice!....

Dan turns, and charges toward the parking lot.

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DAN'S TRUCK in the FOREGROUND. Beside it sits a gleaming MOTORCYCLE. Dan comes running INTO SHOT, searching himself for his keys. Can't find them.

He tries to open the truck's door. Locked. He slams the hand against it in frustration. Then notices the Yamaha 1200.

Its key is snugly in the ignition slot, like an invitation.

Dan hops on the bike. Turns the key, and kick-starts the monster. The engine jumps to life.

AT THE PARKING LOT EXIT

From across the lot we see Dan and bike charging toward us.

He roars PAST CAMERA and screeches onto the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dan guns the bike's motor and races toward the Crave-Inn.

Suddenly...

THE ENGINE

gives a terrific GROWL. The bike's front end comes off the ground as the bike goes into a wheelie, then accelerates down the street at an outrageous speed.

DAN

frantically dodges several cars, swerving into the oncoming lane to pass one, then careening back to avoid a pair of looming headlights. Dan looks down at the instrument panel.

CLOSE ON PANEL

All the gauges are RED LINED.

DAN'S FACE

begins to distort with the G-FORCE of this impossible ride.

The bike just keeps increasing speed.

THE INSTRUMENT PANEL

goes out of control. The gauges swing erratically. They begin to speed up dizzyingly, then...

THE PANEL EXPLODES!

Its cover flies away in shards revealing a frenzied collection of MOVING WIRES and BLINKING LIGHTS beneath.

The wires and lights begin to ungulate in an evolution of patterns. Soon we realize a FACE is beginning to form out of this tangled, sparking mess.

THE BIKE

is moving so fast now the other cares are only passing blurs.

Dan slaloms through them at an impossible rate.

THE INSTRUMENT PANEL

continues to metamorphasize. Wires spark and leap as they wind in and around each other. Lights at the top move toward the center to form two eyes.

Shards of sparking metal marshal themselves into two rows of electric teeth.

Other wires form cheekbones, lips, and the sickeningly recognizable scar patterns of Freddy's skin.

And that's just what we're looking at...

CYBERNETIC FREDDY!

His electric eyes stare up at Dan's frightened face with the glee of anticipation. He speaks with Mr. Jordan's voice.

FREDDY

Time to feel the need for speed,

Dickweed!

DAN

stares down at the face in horror. Then he sees something really bad...

DAN'S POV

his right hand clutches the handlebar/throttle. Cables feed out from the brake and throttle grip and PLUNGE INTO HIS HAND

with a smoking SIZZLE, attaching him to the machinery. His skin begins to undulate and BUBBLE UP.

WHIP PAN

To Dan's left hand. Cables have melded with his bubbling flesh there, too.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN

across the side of the bike, where the gas tank is starting to transform into a hideous living creature/machine.

Distended ribs protrude. The gas tank/torso begins to undulate as it breathes...

CAMERA CONTINUES DOWN

toward the cylinders, which stretch and begin to breathe, then comes to rest between them and the whirring spokes of the front wheel. Then...

CAMERA PANS UP

and we see Dan from below the handlebars. Through the

tatters of his shredded clothes we see more cracking, bubbling skin. His face is wracked with torture and something beyond even horror. Suddenly...

THE HANDLEBARS

now joined completely to Dan's hands, THRUST DOWNWARD, slamming his chest to the body of the bike. Dan stares into Freddy's robotic face, now an inch from his own.

CAMERA TRACKS

from left to right, passing beneath the breathing cylinders.

The highway blurs below us. The CAMERA emerges on the left side of the bike, looking back toward Dan's left leg.

THE EXHAUST PIPE

is merging with Dan's leg. Growing into it, as Dan's skin continues to bubble,

and billow up, then peel off...

TILT UP TO DAN'S FACE

and now we realize that Dan has become a MACHINE/MAN, like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

CLOSE ON DAN'S FACE

Only his eyes remain human. Dan struggles, continuing to meld with the machine. He opens his mouth, forcing the metallic skin to crack around the edges, and begins A LONG

HIDEOUS SCREAM.

CAMERA RAPIDLY PULLS BACK

to reveal a FULL SHOT of the FREDDY BIKE hurtling down the street that has become nothing more than an abstract blur of movement and light. Dan's SCREAM continues to build, forming into a plea of terror...

DAN

AAAALICE!!!!

FREDDY'S FACE/INSTRUMENT PANEL

PUSH IN on Freddy's leering grin.

FREDDY

Don't dream and drive!

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON DAN'S EYES

looking down at Freddy.

A bright light washes over Dan's eyes; We hear an EARSPLITTING DIESEL HORN! Dan looks up INTO CAMERA. Squints against the light.

DAN'S POV FROM INSIDE DAN'S TRUCK

A MASSIVE DIESEL SEMI TRUCK hurtles toward CAMERA like a juggernaut.

PULL BACK to reveal that the POV is now from inside Dan's truck, staring out the windshield at the twin beams of an APPROACHING SEMI!

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to Dan's unattended steering wheel...

REVERSE ANGLE - FAST TRACK

through the windshield, IN SLOW MOTION. Dan frantically tries to return his now human hands to the wheel...too late!

DAN'S POV

the semi's BRIGHT CHROME RADIATOR FILLS THE SCREEN!

INT. CRAVE INN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A HOT GRILL

as a HAMBURGER PATTY is dropped into it. The meat begins to SIZZLE. A RADIO plays.

ALICE

she is pouring a late night CUSTOMER a cup of coffee.

Suddenly...the restaurant SOUNDS distort. She hears Dan's VOICE calling her name. Alice snaps to as the coffee cup she's filling overflows. She drops the pot of coffee. The entire wall behind her changes to

AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF DAN'S RUSTED, NIGHTMARE FACE -

SCREAMING HER NAME!

Alice turns. Runs toward the wall.

ALICE

Dan...

DAN'S HIDEOUS FACE PULLS AWAY as his DISTORTED, GROTESQUE

BODY goes flying backwards down a long MEMBRANOUS TUNNEL away from Alice.

He disappears into the depths just as Alice reaches the wall.

She stretches out her hand...and the wall returns to reality.

ALICE

is wracked with a SPASM and PAIN! She clutches her stomach and doubles over, as though she'd been kicked. She fights the pain away. Then gets up and runs wildly to the street.

EXT. CRAVE INN - NIGHT

Alice charges out of the diner. Behind her, far down the street, we can make out the silhouette of a JACK-KNIFED SEMI, back-lit by the flames and smoke of DAN'S BURNING TRUCK! We hear the BLARE of a jammed horn.

A SERIES OF JUMPCUTS BETWEEN Alice's face and her POV END

CLOSE ON HER FACE as she SCREAMS.

CAMERA TURNS WITH HER and FOLLOWS HER as she runs panicked, toward it. The BLARING horn grows LOUDER.

As she nears the semi, the driver's door swings violently open! A figure LURCHES from the cab. Grabs her as she moves past. The momentum swings them both around.

THE TRUCK DRIVER

his bloody face is lit by the burning wreck of Dan's truck.

His eyes are glazed and shocked. He SCREAMS madly into Alice's face.

TRUCK DRIVER

He came flying out of nowhere! Like he

was a fucking rocket! I didn't even see

him...

We hear a WALL of approaching SIRENS. Alice's tear-stained face is strobed in a flashing red light as she looks past the semi driver to see Dan's mangled body enmeshed in the wreckage. As she tries to get to him his eyes snap open and he looks straight at her.

DAN

It was him!

Blood wells from his gaping wounds as he chokes and dies.

Her eyes begin to lose focus. In a moment...Alice collapses, falling OUT OF FRAME...leaving only the black of the night sky.

INT. HOSPITAL OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

BLACK. Then... Alice's rim-lit profile moves into frame.

Track around to reveal Yvonne working in the background.

Continue tracking to reveal that we're in an unlit hospital room. What little light there is comes from the glass observation window in the background.

Through the window we can see Alice's father conferring with a DOCTOR, Dan's parents and TWO POLICE OFFICERS. Beyond them we see traffic in the corridor. Alice's eyes open suddenly.

ALICE

(quietly)

It was him.

Yvonne hears her and comes over, leaning into frame.

YVONNE

You're alright...It's okay, honey. I'm

right here.

Alice stares at Yvonne. Things are far from alright.

YVONNE (cont'd)

Alice, Dan's been in an accident...

Alice shakes her head.

ALICE

(in a monotone)

It was no accident. It was Krueger. He

used to get in through my dreams, but not

anymore. He's found some other way.

YVONNE

Alice, it's no dream. I'm sorry...Dan's

dead.

Alice stares at her as her eyes fill with tears as she remembers. As she starts crying she clutches Yvonne in a desperate embrace. At the sound of her

crying, Dr. Moore and her father leave Dan's parents and approach Yvonne and Alice.

ALICE'S DAD

I'm so sorry, honey...

ALICE

Daddy, he's coming back...Krueger's

coming back. Make them understand.

YVONNE

(looking at Dr. Moore

nervously)

Calm down. Take it easy. You're hitting

shock.

ALICE'S DAD

Alice. The police found fragments of a

champagne bottle...

ALICE

Dan didn't drink. You know that. It was

probably for me - to celebrate our trip.

Her father looks away, helpless. Dr. Moore turns to him and speaks in a confidential, professionally calm voice.

DR. MOORE

These sorts of outbursts aren't entirely uncommon. Many women have them in the first few weeks. Especially if they've suffered a traumatic shock.

(to Alice)

But don't worry young lady, you're going to be fine.

ALICE

(getting increasingly hysterical)

I won't be fine and neither will any of my friends. We've got to do something. Dan's already dead...Don't you see? He's back and he's just getting started.

(as she remembers what Moore just said)

What do you mean? What's he talking about? What's wrong with me?

Yvonne speaks up, trying to be comforting.

YVONNE

Nothing.

She and Alice hold eyes for a beat. Everyone is silent.

YVONNE (cont'd)

You're just a little pregnant.

CLOSE ON ALICE

Stunned. She lies back, closing her eyes tightly. A tear forms at the edge of one and spills down her cheek.

ALICE'S DAD (O.S.)

The doctor wants to keep you here

overnight...

DR. MOORE (O.S.)

Just for routine observation. To make

sure you're as comfortable as possible.

Alice hasn't been listening. We hold on her troubled face as she opens her eyes again, the full ramifications sinking in.

ALICE

(to herself)

Dan's baby...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL OBSERVATION ROOM - DAWN

Alice lies in bed, apparently asleep. The camera pans slowly around the room. It is eerie in here now with the long shadows of hospital equipment thrown across the walls by the dimmed hallway lights.

The camera continues slowly, deliberately to move around the room until we are on the OPEN doorway. STOP.

JACOB

a boy of about six or seven years stands there, watching Alice. He's frail. Other worldly. Not ghost-like, but possessing a strange, transcendent quality.

He wears a white hospital robe and stands without moving, just staring at Alice with a transfixed smile of happiness.

Alice's gaze at the ceiling slowly moves toward the child, as though she were willed by some force to notice him.

She's startled at first by his presence. Then she realizes he's only a boy. Even if he is a little odd.

JACOB

Hey...wake up.

ALICE

(tentative)

Huh?

They gaze at one another for a beat. They each seem to be transfixed by each other.

ALICE (cont'd)

Hi there.

JACOB

My name is Jacob.

She smiles. She waits. He just watches. He stands there in the way that little kids have of feeling no need to fill a silence with conversation.

ALICE

Shouldn't you be in your room, Jacob?

JACOB

It's lonely in there, in my room.

ALICE

My name is...

He cuts her off with:

JACOB

I'm sorry your boyfriend got killed.

ALICE

(shocked)

How did you know that?

JACOB

I could tell you were sad. I just wanted

to see if you were all right.

He smiles kind of shyly and turns. Alice calls after him.

ALICE

Jacob. Wait. Don't go.

But he has already disappeared down the dark corridor. HOLD ON Alice's troubled face.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Alice and Yvonne walk out of the building.

ALICE

Have you visited the little boy on my floor? Jacob, the one who looks kind of sad?

YVONNE

There aren't any little boys on your floor.

ALICE

He must've wandered up from the children's ward. I just wondered what was wrong with him.

Yvonne shakes her head.

YVONNE

We don't have a children's ward.

Alice stops. Puzzled.

ALICE

But he was wearing a hospital robe.

Yvonne looks at Alice with a mixture of impatience and compassion.

YVONNE

I don't know what to tell you.

Alice takes this in. Thinks about it. Yvonne looks a little more concerned about Alice's state of mind.

ALICE

Did everyone call everyone?

YVONNE

(hesitant)

They're waiting for us...but let's keep

this dream stuff between you and me.

INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON ALICE

pacing and speaking animatedly. CAMERA tracks with her.

ALICE

Amanda Krueger was a part of a religious

order that ran that asylum. She was

raped and had the baby there in the

1940's. That baby grew up to be Freddy

Krueger who murdered twenty or thirty

kids right here on Elm Street.

Mark, sitting at Greta's feet. He glances up from his sketchbook, intrigued. Track back with Alice to...

ALICE (cont'd)

He got caught but the courts cut him

loose on a technicality.

The parents of the murdered kids formed a

posse and killed him. Torched him.

Track to Greta. Hold on her disbelieving face. She lights up a cigarette.

MARK

Cover girls couldn't smoke.

She blows smoke in his face.

ALICE

But that was just the beginning. He

keeps on killing...only now he kills

people in their dreams, their nightmares.

And he uses my dreams to get to his

victims.

ANGLE ON GRETA AND YVONNE

exchanging dubious, concerned-for-Alice looks. Mark seems incredulous. Keeps on sketching.

MARK

I've got to write some of this down.

ALICE

That's why it's my fault Dan's dead.

YVONNE

Stop saying that, it's bullshit.

GRETA

I want to talk about the baby.

MARK

Yeah, congratulations...I guess.

Alice angrily cuts them off.

ALICE

That's not what we're here for!

There is a beat, then...

YVONNE

Look. Dan's parents were pushing him.

Pushing him hard. He was bitching about

it at the party last night. He was under

pressure. We all are.

GRETA

Pushy parents can make you more than a

bit crazy.

ALICE

What's that got to do with it?

YVONNE

When Dan died you weren't even asleep.

You said so. End of story.

Alice glares at them, adamant.

ALICE

Than he must have found another way.

Greta looks down at Mark's drawing: sees his comic book sketch of the one-hundred maniacs.

GRETA

Christ, Mark! Mister compassion.

ALICE

Listen! This isn't a goddamn joke! He

gets in through my dreams -- somehow. I

thought I could control it, but

something's changed, and I don't know

what he'll do next.

Everyone stares at her. Not knowing what to say.

MARK

Look, we all liked Dan. And we love

you...

Great stands. Puts her hands on Alice's shoulders.

GRETA

(interrupting)

Bottom line, Alice. Anybody,

supernatural or not, that wants to hurt

you - he'll have to go through us first.

YVONNE

All of us. Right?

Greta nods in agreement.

ALICE

That's what I'm afraid of.

Hold on Alice, then...

INT. ALICE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alice removes a couple of frozen microwave dinners from the refrigerator and sets them on the counter.

While she does so, the CAMERA TRACKS around and as she leans on the counter, we push in to reveal she is lost in thought, tears forming in her eyes.

Her father comes in carrying a bag of groceries - healthy stuff: veggies,

chicken, fruit, Rye Crisp, juices. As he comes in, Alice covers up her tears and turns away to put the dinners in the oven. He obviously has something to say to her in mind and the two of them talk simultaneously.

ALICE

How was the meeting?

ALICE'S DAD

Sobering...

ALICE

Very funny.

ALICE'S DAD

(unpacking groceries)

Alice...

ALICE

(interrupting)

Since when are you such a smart shopper?

ALICE'S DAD

Since my little girl became a mom...

ALICE

You disappointed in me?

ALICE'S DAD

No, I'm not. I sort of hope it's a boy.

Be nice to have a boy playing in the

house again.

Alice looks at him, then hugs him. A beat. Her father gently pries her away. Manages a little smile.

ALICE'S DAD (cont'd)

Just don't make a habit of it.

Alice smiles back. Reaches for the can opener.

ALICE

C'mon. Let's do salad.

INT. GRETA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON GRETA

from behind, sitting on the edge of her bed. All around her, propped up on pillows, and covering her dresser and chairs, are SEVERAL DOLLS. Some of which are clearly wind-up with keys in their backs. Everything from Barbies to European porcelain. Her mother's shrill voice comes from down the hall as we hear her try to open Greta's locked bedroom door.

MRS. GIBSON (O.S.)

Greta...

CAMERA SLOWLY TRACKS until we are facing Greta and we see that she is holding one of the delicate china dolls in her hands. She stares at it, lost in thought. Her eyes move to something at her feet.

DOWN ANGLE

An 8X10 blow-up of the snapshot taken on graduation day lies on the floor. In the center is Dan, surrounded by his parents and friends.

GRETA

contemplates the picture. Her eyes well up. A tear begins a slow track down her cheek.

MRS. GIBSON (O.S. cont'd)

Our guests are waiting, dear.

Appearances, you know, let's not make

them impatient.

GRETA

(to herself)

Flash 'em your boobs. The sight of all

that plastic ought to stun 'em for a

while.

(then calling out)

Coming Mother!

Greta pulls herself together. Wipes her eyes. Sets up the china doll on the bedstand next to the photo. Gets up.

ANGLE ON CHINA DOLL

in FOREGROUND as Greta moves to her bedroom door in BACKGROUND and EXITS. As the door closes, the precariously perched doll teeters then gently tumbles out of shot.

ON THE YEARBOOK - EXTREME SLOW MOTION

As the doll floats INTO SHOT, falling towards the photograph, cracking

apart on impact...

INT. GRETA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON HANDS

opening a bottle of wine. The cork comes out with a muffled pop and the hand begins to pour.

MRS. GIBSON (O.S.)

It's true, people are always mistaking us

for sisters.

RACINE GIBSON

sits at the head of a massive table, hosting one of her expensively catered dinner parties. Though she doesn't look in the least like Greta's sister, the other guests nod and titter politely.

The house is decorated in "modern pretentiousness" and the guests match the spirit of the room. Greta sits at the opposite end of the table from her mother, wearing a beautiful white dress.

One of the guests turns from Greta to her mother.

GUEST

Greta certainly has the perfect body for

modeling. You know, Eileen Ford's a

friend of mine.

(to Greta)

I told her about you. She's very

interested

Greta doesn't respond. Her mother's delighted.

MRS. GIBSON

Greta, you're being offered the chance of

a lifetime! I think you should show a

little gratitude.

GRETA

One of my friends died yesterday, mother.

DO you mind if I take a few hours off to

remember him?

MRS. GIBSON

But we're having a party, dear.

She glares at her mother. A half-drunk TRENDY GUEST speaks.

TRENDY GUEST

I read about him. Drunk or something, wasn't he?

Mrs. Gibson cuts her off, trying to damage-control Greta's association with someone her guests might disapprove of.

MRS. GIBSON

He was just a friend of Greta's, not

someone special, not someone she was

seeing, you understand. Really just an

acquaintance...

Another guest speaks up, a THIRTYSOMETHING TYPE.

THIRTYSOMETHING GUEST

Sad. It reminds me of Fitzgerald.

Although in his stories, it's general the

women who have pointless, violent deaths.

Greta tires to ignore him. The other guests jump in with their own literary allusions and comparisons. Greta CLOSES

HER EYES to shut them out. For a second she seems to nod.

Catches herself. Looks up as...

FREDERICK, the caterer, steps forward and offers her selections from a tray of food. We don't see his face, but a sliver of a GREEN AND RED STRIPED JERSEY peaks out from above his starched tuxedo collar. Greta shakes her head no.

GRETA

No thank you. I'm not hungry.

Frederick steps away. The other guests strangely cease conversing mid-sentence and turn to her. Greta's mother notices with alarm. Faces her daughter.

MRS. GIBSON

Aren't you eating?

GRETA

I don't really feel up to it.

The other guests begin to eat voraciously.

MRS. GIBSON

Really, dear. You ought to try

something.

GRETA

(sharply)

You're the one who's always slapping my

hand about weight-watching.

Her mother glances nervously at the other guests. Her voice takes on a shrill edge.

MRS. GIBSON

But that's why we diet, dear. So we can eat at social events and not upset the

other guests.

FREDERICK INTRUDES

FREDERICK

Madam, if I may...

He wheels in a trolley with a sterling silver chafing dish on it. He turns to Greta and pushes in the tray to the hideous baby chair, which Greta's chair has become, pinning her in place.

The guests continue chowing down, while Mom beams approvingly. Greta stiffens into a parody of too-straight posture.

Frederick removes the lid of the sterling silver chafing dish with a flourish,

revealing a perfect, miniature doll-like replica of Greta.

With a flourish, he proceeds to slit it open, filleting it in front of Greta's horrified eyes with one of the blades on Freddy's clawed hand.

Frederick has now become Freddy, transforming from the normal Robert Englund to Freddy Krueger.

At the end of the blades on Freddy's claw, a sharpened silver spoon now exists.

He scoops into the dissected doll and begins to feed Greta, forcing some of the mush into her mouth. Greta resists, turning her head to spit it out.

Freddy jerks her head back to the front.

GRETA'S POV

as her head is snapped back. Another claw/spoonful of mush in her face.

FREDDY

You are what you eat.

The table guests laugh and feast on in the background.

MRS. GIBSON

Nothing but the best for Greta!

FREDDY

(with another spoonful)

Second helping.

The guests laugh as Greta struggles helplessly, moaning and groaning her objections.

MRS. GIBSON

Don't talk with your mouth full, dear.

GRETA

stares at the claws/scoop wide-eyed as they force the MUSH

into her mouth.

GRETA'S POV

as Freddy shoves another spoonful.

FREDDY

Don't forget dessert.

GUEST

A rare delicacy.

WIDER

to reveal what Freddy is feeding her. He stands over Greta scooping his claws into her TORSO as though it were made of ice cream, and delivering the stuff back up to her mouth.

GRETA

screams in horror as she realizes what she's eating.

INT. ALICE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

OVER ALICE'S SHOULDER

As she steps to the refrigerator and grasps the door handle, we get a glimpse of something foreboding a split second before she opens the door...a Freddy magnet above the handle that says DIE BITCH.

Alice pulls the door open. PUSH IN past her to the groceries inside. a real Freddy food feast of graveyard leftovers --

flies swarm when Alice opens the door. Maggots, rot and cobwebs. Dripping fetid garbage. Then suddenly...

Greta's hideously mutated face SHOOTS INTO CLOSE UP from RIGHT FRAME! Her cheeks have been horribly distended. Food spills from her mouth as she tries to scream.

OVER GRETA'S SHOULDER

who we can now see is impossibly coming out in the open refrigerator door. Her arms desperately reach out towards Alice who stands frozen, FACING CAMERA, in open-mouthed shock.

ALICE

Greta!

Then Alice leaps into action. She grabs Greta's hands and begins to pull with all her might. But she can't get Greta out!

ALICE (cont'd)

Dad!

PULL BACK FAST

away from the struggle, through the kitchen door, into the living room and further back still until Alice's father appears in LEFT FOREGROUND, sitting in his easy chair, reading the newspaper.

ALICE (cont'd)

Dad! Help!

POV FROM INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR

looking past the mounds of disgusting stuff to Alice and Greta. Suddenly, FREDDY'S CLAW comes INTO FOREGROUND SHOT.

ALICE AND GRETA

Alice has managed to pull Greta a couple inches further from the open door when Freddy LUNGES out of the refrigerator!

With lightning speed he grabs Greta's arm and YANKS the door closed with a WHAM!

ALICE (cont'd)

No!

DOWN ANGLE ON ALICE

as she quickly yanks the fridge open again and sees...Nothing! Everything is back to normal. No sign of Greta or Freddy.

CLOSE ON ALICE

staring into the fridge with amazement and fear.

ALICE

closes the door and rushes to the telephone on the wall.

INT. GRETA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

IN THE DREAM - FREDDY AND GRETA

Freddy shoves another clawful of stuff into Greta's mouth.

She starts to CHOKE.

Freddy pulls Greta to him. Hugs her, patting her back, like a parent burping an infant. He's almost cradling her as she continues to choke the life out of herself.

Freddy's "patting" becomes harder. Greta jolts under each slap on the back...

IN THE DINNER PARTY - ON GRETA - FROM BELOW, SHOOTING UP

She starts to choke. Her face goes blue. She stands.

THE GUESTS

stare at her in shocked amazement.

GRETA

stands, arms out, leaning forward as though suspended, as if Freddy were still "burping" her. Then she pitches forward, face first into her plate.

GRETA'S MOTHER

looks down in shock at her obviously dead daughter.

GRETA'S MOTHER

Greta?...

EXT. GREY'S CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

A big industrial shop. Mark's father's business and their home. Rain falls on the cement drive, glistening in the light that spills from beneath the big, half open delivery door. Across the door we see: GREY & SON CONSTRUCTION.

The "& SON" has been recently added. Alice and Yvonne, still in her nurse's uniform, approach.

INT. GREY'S CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

A huge warehouse and commercial shop. Rows of scaffolding, filled with prefab door and wall units, recede into the darkness.

A glass partitioned office fills a corner near the door. We can see Mark's father moving around inside of it. Alice and Yvonne enter and move toward the office door.

ANGLE ON THE OFFICE DOOR

Alice and Yvonne peer inside. Mr. Grey, dressed in workman's clothes, is stoically trying to repair a broken name-plate.

We can tell that one of the two desks in here was intended for Mark. Alice looks around, concerned.

ALICE

Mr. Grey...is Mark around?

He looks up, very upset. Nods. Angrily gestures toward the labyrinth of racks.

MR. GREY

Back there somewhere.

IN THE RACKS OF THE SCAFFOLDING

The rays of a single worklight high on the back of the wall stab like fingers through the maze of scaffolding.

Silhouetted against them, Mark slowly glides between the racks on a skateboard, a solitary and forlorn figure.

Alice and Yvonne enter shot, backs to CAMERA, watching him.

ALICE

(tentatively)

Mark, are you okay?

MARK

Yeah. I'm just aces.

Looks like he's not. Mark ignores them as Alice and Yvonne move closer. He's a tightly wound coil, ready to snap.

ALICE

I want to talk to both you guys about

Greta. And...

MARK

(snapping)

I'm very fucking sorry, but Greta is dead

today. Could we interest you in someone

else?

Alice steps closer to him, her empathy allowing her to ignore his tone of voice.

YVONNE

It was just an accident. Like with Dan.

ALICE

No accident. I tried to warn all of you

about Krueger.

Yvonne shakes her head. Not wishing Alice to indulge her fantasies.

YVONNE

Please, Alice...

But Alice's words have left an effect on Mark. He brings his skateboard to a halt. Gives her a direct look.

MARK

I thought about that.

ALICE

She must've fallen asleep at the table...

YVONNE

Stop it, Alice. Just stop it. Stick to the facts.

Mark glances at her.

MARK

Too bad.

He goes back to Alice.

ALICE

(frustrated)

I don't understand what's happening.

Krueger has to use my dreams, but he got

to Dan and Greta while I was awake.

How's he doing it?

YVONNE

(sharply)

Why don't you two stick to reality.

Mark turns his displaced anger on her full force.

MARK

Why don't you shut up and let her talk!

Two of us died in the last two days, does

that strike you as particularly normal?!

YVONNE

Mark...

MARK

I'm not finished - I loved Greta. A lot.

And if maybe, just maybe, someone or some

thing killed her, I'd like to hear about

it!

YVONNE

I can't listen to this.

She starts to turn away. Mark gets angry again. Shouts.

MARK

Then get out!

ALICE

Mark!

Hurt, Yvonne starts to get up. Turns for the stairs. Mark realizes he's being a jerk. Punches his fist against the scaffolding in frustration. Calms himself down.

MARK

Aww,shit...Yvonne, wait a minute, will

ya.

She stops. Turns.

MARK (cont'd)

I'm an asshole. I know I'm not dealing

with this very well and it's not your

fault. I'm sorry.

Yvonne gives him a little hug. Tries to smile.

YVONNE

It's okay.

MARK

Stick around, please?

Yvonne brushes Mark's hair from his face like a big sister.

YVONNE

Wish I could, but I'm on night shift

again...gotta go.

Mark nods. Tries to smile. Alice steps up to them. Puts a comforting hand on

Mark's shoulder.

ALICE

I can stay for awhile if you want.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - LATER

A combination studio and storage space for the world's largest collection of comics. The entire loft is a network of scaffolding. Shelves for his comics, fantasy posters, and sci-fi memorabilia. Stuffed in among them are tons of books on mythology and the occult.

MARK (O.S.)

Do you think I'm an idiot...for being in

love with her?

ALICE (O.S.)

Nobody thinks that.

Tacked to the walls and scaffolding, are dozens of drawings.

Works in progress of Mark's super hero comic book creation.

As the CAMERA pans across the sketches, we see the evolution of this character. Several names have been tried and crossed out as Mark's conception has continued to bloom.

CONTINUE TO PAN until we come to a SIX FOOT POSTER of the character in final incarnation as...THE PHANTOM PROWLER.

MARK (O.S.)

I mean, I know I didn't stand a chance in

hell, but...

PAN PAST THE PROWLER to Alice and Mark, sitting near his drawing table. She sits next to him, a comforting arm around

his shoulder.

ALICE

She cared a lot about you.

Mark nods. Thinks.

MARK

Maybe it was her mother who killed her,

with all that Polly Perfect shit.

ALICE

It wasn't her mother. The only reason

we're still here is that none of us has

slept since the grad party.

Mark looks at Alice. Sees the certainty on her face.

MARK

Tell me some more about this Krueger guy.

ALICE

Why don't I go make some coffee. There's

a lot to tell.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - LATER

Alice is coming back into the room with two steaming mugs.

She looks around. No Mark.

ALICE

Mark?...

She starts forward, looking around for him.

IN THE BED

Mark has fallen asleep.

BELOW

Alice can't see him. She approaches the drawing table.

ALICE'S POV

approaching the table.

ALICE

sets the coffee down and sees something that stops her cold.

THE TABLE - ALICE'S POV

The sketch of Greta begins to move, reassembling itself into a drawing of the ELM STREET HOUSE. Mark stands on the porch, opening the door...

ALICE

realizes what's happening. Reaches her hand toward the page.

ALICE (cont'd)

Mark! No!

But he goes inside.

Alice quickly picks up one of Mark's colored felt tip pens and draws a stick

figure of herself next to the Elm Street house. She writes "Alice" above the figure then throws down the pen and closes her eyes, concentrating.

PUSH IN on Alice, eyes closed, using all her will... (The BACKGROUND distorts as Alice goes into the dream.) PULL BACK

from Alice's face and now we see that we're

EXT. ELM STREET HOUSE

Alice goes inside.

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

Alice rushes inside. Comes to a halt as she sees A HUGE, GAPING HOLE

in the floor, with jagged "paper" edges, like something out of Mark's cartoons. Mark desperately clings to one of the edges, which slowly begins to tear...

Alice rushes over. Through the hole, she sees what Mark is about to drop into...the pulsating FETAL CANAL!

CLOSE ON ALICE

as she kneels and stretches her hand toward Mark.

CLOSE ON MARK

He looks up at Alice, noticing her for the first time, and maybe not sure if she's really there. He hesitates. The paper tears some more. He's about to fall!

ALICE (O.S.)

Take it!

Terrified, retches a bloody hand toward Alice, straining to reach her fingertips...

FETAL CANAL POV - LOOKING UP

Mark's legs dangle above, slipping lower as the paper continues to tear...

MARK AND ALICE - DOWN ANGLE

Alice gets down on her belly, trying to reach closer to Mark, who keeps slowly slipping further into the hole.

CLOSE ON THEIR HANDS

fingertips quivering a millimeter apart, then touching, then moving toward each other's palms until their hands firmly grip!

FETAL CANAL POV - LOOKING UP

Alice begins to pull Mark up, away from CAMERA ALICE AND MARK - SIDE ANGLE

As Alice struggles to pull Mark from the yawning mouth of the canal, it begins to close around him, trying to suck him back in. With a final tug, Alice yanks Mark out, and the canal closes, leaving no trace on the now normal floor.

ALICE (cont'd)

Let's get out of here!

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

As Alice races INTO SHOT toward the door. Mark follows close behind. As Alice flings the door open, Mark comes to a halt, BACK TO CAMERA, noticing something on his hands. BLOOD. He stares in horror...

ALICE (cont'd)

C'mon, Mark!

CLOSE ON MARK

hands raised before his face. His eyes are opened in shock.

Then they start to unfocus as he begins to wobble. In the next second he is FALLING OUT OF FRAME.

WIDER

Alice watches as Mark feints himself AWAKE. As he's about to hit the floor, he dissolves away. Alice starts to turn back to the door when something OUT OF FRAME catches her eye.

CAMERA PANS TO RIGHT until we see... JACOB standing at a window, staring forlornly into the street.

ALICE

freezes. Stares at this odd child with a mixture of compassion and wariness.

ALICE (cont'd)

Jacob...?

JACOB AND ALICE

Alice approaches, keeping a little distance between them.

Jacob turns. He's paler now. Sickly. As he recognizes Alice, he looks even a little sadder.

JACOB

Oh...hello...

He goes back to the window. Alice takes on a tone of instinctive motherly concern.

ALICE

(tentative)

Hi, you don't look very well. Are you

feeling all right?

JACOB

(still at the window)

Been having bad dreams.

Alice ponders that.

ALICE

Is this where you live, Jacob?

He shakes his head no.

JACOB

Just waiting for someone...

(then)

It's sad about Greta.

Alice stares at him, intrigued.

ALICE

Is that who you're waiting for?

JACOB

No...

Alice takes another step forward.

ALICE

I don't think this is a nice place for

you to be. Maybe we should go find your

Mom.

JACOB

She doesn't want me around

ALICE

Oh...I'm sure that's not true. I'll bet

she's very worried about you. I would

be.

Jacob turns to her. His face full of hurt and accusation.

JACOB

No you're not. You don't even care about

being a mom. How come you don't think

about me?

ALICE

(confused)

Who said I...wait, what?

his lonely eyes begin to well up.

JACOB

I like you...I want to stay with you.

Why don't you want me? Is there

something wrong with me?

Alice stares at him, stunned as the realization hits her.

She takes a step closer, almost within reach of him.

ALICE

Who says I don't like you?

JACOB

My friend, with the funny hand.

Alice doesn't like the implications of that at all. She reaches out to lead Jacob away.

ALICE

Come on, honey. We're getting out of

here.

But he pulls away, drawn by something in the shadows near the stairs.

JACOB

I have to go now, he wants me again.

Jacob scurries up the stairs into the shadows.

ALICE

No! Jacob!...

She runs after him, charging up the stairs and finding herself

INT. MARK'S LOFT - MORNING

Alice climbs up the last stair and steps into the loft.

Looks around, SURPRISED; she's back in reality.

Mark sits up in his bed. Stares at the cuts in hands with amazement, and dawning realization.

MARK

Holy...shit...he's really real...isn't

he?

Mark looks up at Alice, who's more concerned than ever.

MARK (cont'd)

Are you okay?

ALICE

He's doing something to my baby. I know

it -- he's trying to hurt Jacob.

Mark looks confused.

MARK

Who's Jacob?

ALICE

My baby!

MARK

What, you named it already?

Alice freezes. Realizing...

ALICE

Yeah. I think he already has a name...

Then, she hurriedly begins to gather her things.

ALICE (cont'd)

I've got to get away from here.

Someplace where Krueger can't find him.

She bolts for the stairs. Mark restrains her.

MARK

Whoa, slow down. How're you gonna hide

from a guy like that, leave the planet?

ALICE

I don't know!

Alice is on the verge of tears. Mark puts his hands on her shoulders, trying to emotionally steady her.

MARK

Look, if you're worried about your baby,

call Yvonne, have the doctor check him

out.

Alice nods, getting a hold of herself. Mark hands her the telephone. Then grabs his jacket.

ALICE

Where are you going?

MARK

I'm going to see what else I can find out about Mr. Fred Krueger

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Alice hurries down the near deserted corridor. Yvonne rushes to keep up beside her. She looks concerned.

YVONNE

You had me scared on the phone. What's

wrong with the baby?

ALICE

I think Krueger's trying to do something

to it.

Yvonne suddenly pulls Alice to a halt, dismayed.

YVONNE

Oh, Alice...no. Honey, I love you but

you're going to have to get a hold of

yourself...

ALICE

Mark knows I'm not crazy. Ask him to

show you his hands.

Alice starts off again. Yvonne really looks worried now.

YVONNE

I really think you need to calm down now,

okay?

ALICE

I just can't figure out how he's getting

in when I'm awake...

Suddenly a thought strikes her. She wheels on Yvonne.

ALICE (cont'd)

Do unborn babies dream?

Yvonne hesitates, afraid her answer might feed Alice's fantasies.

YVONNE

Yeah...they do, but...do us both a

favor...don't mention any of this to Dr.

Moore.

INT. DR. MOORE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Yvonne adjusts the ULTRA SOUND MONITOR. Dr. Moore finishes his pre-examination of Alice. He is extremely irritated.

DR. MOORE

Developing fetuses can spend up to

seventy-percent of their day in what we call dream state. More as they mature.

Yvonne shoots a frustrated look at Alice.

ALICE

Would I be able to sense them?

DR. MOORE

(annoyed)

Is that why you're here? To see if your

baby's having nightmares?

ALICE

We're here to find out everything we can,

aren't we?

DR. MOORE

Frankly, I've found nothing about you

that would indicate the necessity of

ultra-sound at this stage of your

pregnancy.

Dr. Moore throws a dark look at Yvonne.

ALICE

I just want to make sure my baby's all

right.

Yvonne hands the ultra-sound device to Dr. Moore. He runs the device over Alice's baby.

THE ULTRA-SOUND MONITOR

The screen comes on with a BLIP. A barely distinguishable black and white image appears...

DR. MOORE (O.S.)

The heart seems strong. Let's hear it.

Yvonne flicks a switch and a steady RHYTHMIC BEAT begins on the TRACK, coming from a speaker above the monitor.

Alice watches the screen, fascinated. Suddenly... The picture begins to shift and distort with electronic spasms.

The SOUND of the baby's heartbeat begins to grow LOUDER and SURREAL.

Alice turns apprehensively to Yvonne and Dr. Moore, who are oblivious to any of this. Then...

The wall behind Alice starts to PULSATE...become FLESHLIKE.

It ripples blue-red with veins. Then...a gaping hole opens and we are staring into the fetal canal!

WHOOSH!

Alice is sucked through the opening!

AN IRIDESCENT BEAM OF LIGHT (ALICE)

flies through a landscape of pulsing blood vessels and living tissue. We are inside Alice's body.

AN ENORMOUS VALVE

stretches open and the beam of "light" shoots through it, then drops down OUT OF FRAME. Hold a beat.

Then Alice floats up INTO FRAME...a translucent figure, ethereal. She is caught in a GLOW OF LIGHT. WE TURN WITH

HER to see...

HER UNBORN BABY

glowing with innocence. Floating...umbilical chord in the FOREGROUND.

ON ALICE

as she approaches the child. She's fascinated...enchanted.

Until she sees something beyond the baby, a face, protruding from the uterine wall.

FREDDY KRUEGER

smiling at Alice.

FREDDY

Hi. See a family resemblance?

ALICE

reacts in fear as she sees...

THE UMBILICAL CHORD

beginning to bulge as something forces its way through it toward her baby.

The bulge moves down the chord, then a second one enters from the wall...both "things" travel toward the fetus' belly like golf balls moving through a python. Then...

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, they shoot into the fetus.

ALICE'S

fear turns to utter horror as she sees...

THE FETUS

its skin has turned translucent and we see the tiny, "as in hideous death" souls of DAN and GRETA in the child's belly.

ON THE SOULS

screaming in terror!

FREDDY'S HUGE FACE

leering in twisted pleasure.

THE BABY'S FACE

begins to slowly transform into a mask of fear and pain. Its eyes begin to flutter.

ON FREDDY

As he realizes the child is on the verge of awakening. He grimaces in anger and frustration.

ALICE

screams at Freddy.

ALICE

Don't touch him!

THE CHILD

begins to turn toward Alice as it nears consciousness. Its eyes open, staring in wonder for just a second, then...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DR. MOORE'S OFFICE

CLOSE ON ALICE

eyes open wide in terror. She looks around, panicked.

ALICE

What's he doing to my baby?

DR. MOORE

leans INTO SHOT, removing the testing device.

DR. MOORE

Your baby is perfectly healthy... a

little large for so early on, but as

normal as any I've seen.

HOLD ON ALICE. She's got knowledge Dr. Moore hasn't got.

She turns to Yvonne.

ALICE

He's taking their souls...Their spirits

to make the baby...like him.

Yvonne shoots a look at Dr. Moore. She realizes she'd better get Alice out of there before he has her committed. Yvonne moves to Alice.

YVONNE

Come on, sweety. I'll take you home.

You'll feel better after you get some

real sleep.

Yvonne manages to guide Alice from the room. Dr. Moore watches them leave. Then he checks something in Alice's file. Picks up the telephone and dials a number.

INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alice ENTERS, carrying two mugs of coffee and speaking in a frantic rush. Yvonne follows behind, a look of deep concern on her face.

ALICE

...Dan was there. Greta, too. Krueger

killed them! And now he's feeding them

to Jacob!

She hands one of the cups to Yvonne, who tries to get her attention.

YVONNE

Alice...

Yvonne sets her mug down and gently places her hands on Alice's shoulders, adopting a very reasonable tone.

YVONNE (cont'd)

Alice, I want you to stop and listen to

yourself. Do you know how you sound?

Alice nods. Calmly replies.

ALICE

Completely insane. But I'm not

(pause)

And if you're my friend you'll try to

believe me a little.

Yvonne looks into Alice's eyes. We see that she really cares about her, and that Alice is starting to scare her.

YVONNE

I am your friend, and I'm worried sick

about you. But, you're like a locked

safe. You've gotta start dealing with

reality.

ALICE

Krueger is reality.

YVONNE

(voice rising)

And so is your baby. You've got more

than just yourself to think of now!

ALICE

(getting angry)

What do you think I'm doing?

(pauses)

Look. Whether you believe it or not,

Krueger is back. He's after the baby and

if I don't try to do something about it,

who will??

Suddenly the door is pushed open and Mark enters carrying a folder stuffed with xeroxed newspaper clippings. He looks from Alice to Yvonne and back.

YVONNE

(continuing the discussion)

All I know is that you are not doing

yourself or the baby any good by acting

like a crazy woman. Why don't you take

off - leave Springwood and cool out

somewhere for a while?

ALICE

Goddamn it, Yvonne! You don't just run

away from this guy! He finds you in your

dreams.

MARK

(looking at Yvonne)

He sure found a few others before us.

Yvonne looks at him with frustration.

YVONNE

You, too?

MARK

He invited me to his house last night.

Yvonne ruefully shakes her head. Tries the calm approach.

YVONNE

Look...we're all tired. None of us had

any sleep since Friday night...

ALICE

That's the only reason you're alive...

Yvonne abandons the calm approach. Wheels on Alice.

YVONNE

(shouting)

No it's not!

She turns for the door. Mark shoves the folder towards her.

MARK

Yvonne, look through this stuff. She's

not crazy!

Yvonne knocks the folder from Mark's hand, scattering its contents everywhere. Then she storms out, slamming the door behind her. The xeroxed clippings float to the floor. Mark glances at Alice.

MARK (cont'd)

You okay?

Alice nods. They start picking up the scattered clippings.

ALICE

I found out how Krueger's been doing it

while I'm awake. He's using Jacob's

dreams. We've got to stop him.

Mark looks up at her.

MARK

You know there is...one way.

Alice looks up at him, intrigued.

MARK (cont'd)

Have you thought about not having the

baby? I mean, no baby, no baby's dreams.

Alice thinks about it, very hard. Finally shakes her head.

ALICE

I couldn't do that, Mark. He's my last

link with Dan...No, I want him.

MARK

(nods, smiling)

Then we'll find another way.

ALICE

leans down again and continues picking up the clippings.

One, bearing a photo of Amanda Krueger, lies in FOREGROUND.

She picks it up, stares at it, pondering.

ALICE

I've seen her...

Her father's voice floats up from downstairs.

ALICE'S DAD (O.S.)

Alice, can you come down a minute?

INT. ALICE'S LIVING ROOM

Alice comes down the stairs. Her father is sitting in the living room with Dan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan.

ALICE

Oh, hi...

Mrs. Jordan smiles at Alice a little too sweetly. We see the strain of her son's death in her eyes.

MRS. JORDAN

Alice...Mr. Jordan and I wanted to see

how you were feeling. Come, sit down.

Alice hesitates, this is the last thing she needs right now.

ALICE'S DAD

This isn't really a good time. Maybe if

you could come back...

Mrs. Jordan nervously cuts him off.

MRS. JORDAN

Frankly, dear, we wondered what you

intend to do with our baby?

ALICE

What I what? Well, I've thought about

it. I plan to keep him.

Mrs. Jordan glances at her husband. He uncomfortably shifts in his chair, then reluctantly speaks up.

MR. JORDAN

We're concerned that this all might be a

little too much for you...I mean, being

single and, well everything...

His voice trails off. His wife frowns at his lack of fortitude. She jumps in.

MRS. JORDAN

What Mr. Jordan means is that we're aware

of the burden that raising a child would

place you.

Alice continues to stare at her, not quite sure where this is going. Mark

quietly appears on the stairs behind her holding the folder of clippings.

MRS. JORDAN (cont'd)

We're offering to help...adopt it and

raise it as though it were --

ALICE

Look, I appreciate what you're offering,

but no. He is my responsibility.

MRS. JORDAN

(getting adamant)

And ours. It's our grandchild.

Mr. Jordan, clearly uncomfortable, tries to cut her off.

MR. JORDAN

Doris, maybe this wasn't such a good --

She ignores him, getting more forceful.

MRS. JORDAN

In your present condition, Alice, we're

worried about your ability --

ALICE

What are you talking about? My

"condition"?...

Alice's father gives Mrs. Jordan a dark look. Surprised.

MR. JORDAN

We had a call from Dr. Moore. He said

Alice was hysterical. That she's been

having paranoid delusions and...

ALICE

You don't understand...

MRS. JORDAN

We know you've been through a lot but

there's more than your feelings at stake

here.

ALICE

You're not taking my baby!

Mrs. Jordan stands, losing her composure.

MRS. JORDAN

The courts may not agree with you.

Alice's father stands. Turns an angry gaze on Mrs. Jordan.

ALICE'S DAD

But I do. I've heard enough of this

crap. You think you can just walk into

my house and start threatening my

daughter?

SWIRLING JACUZZI

As Yvonne approaches. She steps up to the side and gingerly stretches out her foot to test the water.

CLOSE ON SURFACE OF WATER

frothing and bubbling ominously. Yvonne's toe glides down INTO FRAME, hovers, then dips into the swirling white water.

CLOSE ON YVONNE

smiling happily.

CLOSE ON SURFACE OF JACUZZI

as Yvonne lowers herself into the luxurious water. We're sure any second something is going to rise up and eat her...But nothing happens...yet. She sinks in up to her neck, purring like a kitten. Her eye lids grow heavy. Start to slide closed. She quickly opens them. Starts to rise up...

INT. CAMPUS POOL - WIDE SHOT - DAY

No one in sight. Yvonne ENTERS, wet from the jacuzzi.

Tosses her towel on a chair and heads for the high dive.

THE LADDER - LOW ANGLE

Yvonne climbs INTO SHOT, going up the ladder.

ON THE BOARD - OVERHEAD

She stretches, then starts walking out on the board. Water shimmers in the pool thirty feet below her.

OVER YVONNE'S SHOULDER

as she moves out onto the board. CAMERA TRACKS DOWN level with the back of her head.

THE END OF THE BOARD

from below, looking back and up at Yvonne as the board strangely begins to tremble.

CLOSE ON YVONNE

reacting as the trembling increases.

THE ENTIRE BOARD

begins to shake violently, whipping back and forth. Yvonne fights to keep her balance.

YVONNE

reaches for the rail. It comes off in her hand!

LOOKING OVER YVONNE'S SHOULDER

at the end of the board. Rust runs back from the end like a wave breaking on the shore. Then the board begins to split and crack, forming into four pieces. Freddy's claws!

THE BOARD (SIDE ANGLE)

The claws at the end of the board begin to roll up and move toward Yvonne. She steps back.

LOOKING OVER YVONNE'S SHOULDER

as she retreats from the approaching claws. Suddenly, a jagged "thumb", formed from the rear of the board, rolls INTO

SHOT, trapping her. She is literally in the palm of Freddy's hand!

FREDDY'S CLAW - FROM BELOW

rolling up around Yvonne.

FREDDY'S CLAW - SIDE ANGLE

Holding a terrified Yvonne in its palm, and about to close over her. She has only a second to act.

YVONNE

leaps from the claw.

ANGLE ON YVONNE - SLOW MOTION

as she moves down THROUGH FRAME, tumbling out of control.

THE POOL - YVONNE'S POV

about seventy-feet below and getting closer every second as CAMERA races for it!

ANGLE ON YVONNE - SLOW MOTION

she begins to regain her equilibrium. Straightens out, starts moving into a diving position.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON YVONNE

Now in perfect diving form, she gracefully slices through the air like a knife...

CLOSE ON YVONNE'S FACE

suddenly filling with horror. She SCREAMS as she sees THE POOL - FROM ABOVE

which was FULL a second ago, is now EMPTY, save for a small puddle in the center.

CLOSE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL

Yvonne hits the puddle! Water splashes up and...she keeps going, right through the concrete!

BLACK LIMBO

suddenly Yvonne breaks through the void in a crash of shattering glass. Fragments and shards SPARKLE and GLIMMER

as she plummets past CAMERA!

INT. FREDDY JACUZZI

A small room with rusted and decaying lockers along the walls, like something forgotten in an ancient gym. The entire floor is a NIGHTMARE JACUZZI, churning with BLOOD!

Eerie red light, coming from beneath the swirling surface, plays over the crusted walls. Suddenly...

Yvonne dives down INTO SHOT, plunges through the surface of the BOILING BLOOD then disappears!

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON GRAINY B&W PHOTO OF AMANDA KRUEGER

Frozen in time. Staring from her nun's habit, eyes filled with infinite sadness and despair. She's standing on the grounds of the asylum, its tower looming behind her.

ALICE (O.S.)

They think I'm nuts.

MARK (O.S.)

That's their problem.

The photo is yanked down out of frame, WHIP PAN to Alice looking up from the photo towards Mark, across the room. We are in Mark's loft. He's scanning one of the copied newspaper articles.

ALICE

No, it's our problem, Mark. If I don't

deal with this, they really might try to

take Jacob.

(she looks at the photo again)

You said she committed suicide?

MARK

That's what the newspapers thought. She

spent the rest of her life in the asylum.

After Krueger's trial she flipped out and

hung herself, so they thought.

ALICE

Meaning?

Mark shakes his head, grinning at the creepiness of it.

MARK

They couldn't prove it. No body! Nuns

bumping themselves off is bad for

business.

ALICE

But I've seen her grave.

MARK

Empty plot. Memorial stone. Vacant.

They never did put her under. Cool, huh?

He hands her the clipping. Alice scans it. We see the obituary with the headline: A VICTIM OF THE EVIL WITHIN US

ALL. SPECIAL TOMBSTONE TO MEMORIALIZE NUN.

ALICE

Poor woman...

MARK

No shit.

Alice puts down the article. Glances at Mark who has gone over to a shelf of books, searching through them for a particular volume.

ALICE

I don't understand.

MARK

(still hunting)

She killed herself. Her soul's gonna be

in torment.

Alice frowns, this is news to her.

ALICE

Where'd you hear that?

Mark finds what he's looking for. A huge volume with a crumbling leather cover. He pulls it out and sets it on his drawing table with a THUD.

MARK

In here...somewhere.

Alice looks down at the book. It's RLA Frakes' EARLY

CHRISTIAN MYTHOLOGY. Mark opens it. Moves his desk lamp closer. Thumbs for a page. Finds it. Reads.

MARK (cont'd)

Transmigration. Soul of the sinner.

Yeah, trapped in it's earthly resting

place.

(grins at Alice)

The pictures are totally cool.

Alice gives him a frown, then goes back to Amanda's photo; the nun and the asylum tower.

ALICE

(thinking out loud)

In the dream...she was trying to stop

him...she started to tell me how, then

the door slammed.

(thinks, then realizes)

He must have done it.

CLOSE ON PHOTO - TIGHT ON AMANDA'S FACE

Following Alice's gaze, CAMERA PANS UP from Amanda's face, to the ASYLUM TOWER behind her.

CLOSE ON ALICE

pondering the tower.

ALICE (cont'd)

There's no other way.

ALICE AND MARK

She puts down the photo and faces Mark.

ALICE (cont'd)

I want you to stay awake and watch me.

Okay?

MARK

No problem...what are you going to do?

PUSH IN on Alice's face.

ALICE

I'm going to find out how to deal with

this guy for once and for all.

Alice turns and steps out of frame.

CLOSE ON MARK

still perusing the volume, his back to Alice. Suddenly, FREDDY'S CLAW shoots out from the DESK LAMP and SLAMS the book closed!

MARK

jumps, stunned. He blinks, did that really happen? Then he grabs his mug of coffee and takes a long drink.

PUSH FOCUS FULL SCREEN

to drawing of Mark's comic book creation, THE PHANTOM

PROWLER. Suddenly...

A HUGE HAND holding a PENCIL comes INTO FRAME, and continues the sketch. SLOWLY TILT UP TO

MARK'S TIRED FACE

filled with an artist's concentration. He glances OFF

SCREEN, and CAMERA slowly follows his gaze to ALICE

asleep in his bed. TRACK IN CLOSE on her face until the dark wall behind her becomes the corridor in the asylum. She opens her eyes and sits up. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she stands and moves down the corridor.

ALICE (cont'd)

Amanda!

Alice moves down the corridor, away from CAMERA, searching for Amanda. Comes to a corner. Turns down it.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a spread of PHANTOM PROWLER sketches lying on the floor. CAMERA TRACKS across them, following a TRAIL OF

SKETCHES that lead to the far side of the room where we find Mark, lying on the floor at the base of a rack of comic laden shelves, propped up on one elbow, bored, flicking through yet another comic.

TRACK AROUND MARK to reveal Alice still asleep on the bed.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR

A long, arched, Gothic corridor, lit by pools of light. At the far end, we see a staircase, silhouetted by a rainspattered window behind it. The stairs lead up into the shadows.

ALICE (O.S.)

Amanda! I need to talk to you!

ALICE walks past CAMERA INTO SHOT and pauses. Sees the staircase, starts hurrying for it.

AT THE STAIRCASE

Alice glances toward the top. Instead of leading to a doorway, the stairs dead-end against a BRICK WALL. She climbs the stairs to the bricked up doorway at the top.

Laying her head on the wall, pressing her hands to it, she murmurs.

ALICE (cont'd) (to herself)

Found you!

Suddenly, from behind...

FREDDY (O.S.)

Where you goin', piglet?

Alice turns toward the voice.

FREDDY (cont'd)

The party's just starting.

ON ALICE

She starts rolling across the wall. As we pull back, the camera turns on it's axis to reveal that Freddy has adjusted things. The set is now tilted on a different axis Alice is rolling away from the camera, down the staircase, but on the wall, not the stairs.

Suddenly, a RUSTING METAL DOOR is revealed in the wall down which she rolls. She rolls into it and crash lands in the nightmare jacuzzi room.

Freddy slowly rises from the boiling jacuzzi, until he stands on the surface of the pool, grinning smugly.

Alice climbs to her feet, warily.

FREDDY

plunges his arm beneath the surface and yanks Yvonne up by the hair! She sputters and chokes, gasping for air. Freddy laughs...

FREDDY (cont'd)

Look what I found.

ALICE

is taken by surprise. Steels herself.

AT THE STAIRCASE

Alice glances toward the top. Instead of leading to a doorway, the stairs dead-end against a BRICK WALL. She climbs the stairs to the bricked up doorway at the top.

Laying her head on the wall, pressing her hands to it, she murmurs...

ALICE

(to herself)

Found you!

Suddenly, a door slams. Alice, startled, looks. But before she can react, she is swept off her feet.

Alice starts rolling across the wall. As we pull back, the camera turns on it's axis to reveal that Freddy has adjusted things. The set is now tilted on a different axis and Alice is rolling away from the camera, down the staircase, but on the wall, not the stairs.

Suddenly, a RUSTING METAL DOOR is revealed in the wall down which she rolls. She rolls into it and into the bloody jacuzzi room. She grabs a hanging chain, but can't hang on.

She drops into the murky water. She slowly turns with utter distaste.

FREDDY

Where you goin', piglet? The party's

just starting.

Alice, startled, quickly regains her composure.

ALICE

I know exactly what you're up to,

Krueger!

FREDDY

Gee, Alice, I thought I was up

to...Yvonne!

He plunges his arm beneath the surface and yanks Yvonne up by the hair. She sputters and chokes, gasping for air. Freddy laughs. Alice is taken by surprise. She steels herself.

ALICE

Let her go.

Freddy cackles and dunks Yvonne savagely.

FREDDY

Going once. Going twice.

FREDDY AND YVONNE

he hoists her closer, until their faces are an inch apart.

he licks Yvonne's cheek. She doesn't know whether to scream or throw up. Then Freddy slowly runs a CLAW across her breasts, leaving a thin trail of blood.

Alice circles Freddy until she is on the opposite side from Yvonne.

ALICE

I'm the A, the L , the i,c,e. We're

three together...

Yvonne's eyes swivel to Alice in recognition. As Alice

speaks, she grabs a jacuzzi/pool instrument (a skimmer, a harpoon-shaped window hook)...

ALICE AND YVONNE

And that's the way it's gonna be!

and as they speak, she flails Freddy across the stomach, while Yvonne executes a backflip (as previously seen in her diving sequence) out of Freddy's grasp and on to dry land.

Freddy staggers back and disappears into the jacuzzi.

Alice and Yvonne run back into the asylum and SLAM the door behind them on the now empty jacuzzi.

We cut back inside the jacuzzi to see Freddy's hand emerge and pull under his still-bobbing hat.

YVONNE AND ALICE

sprawled on the corridor floor where they landed. Yvonne turns to Alice, they throw their arms around each other.

ALICE

Are you alright?

YVONNE

(nods, collecting herself)

Yeah...So that's him. And you're not

crazy.

Alice and Yvonne share a weary, rueful smile. Alice pulls Yvonne to her feet.

ALICE

We've got to find Amanda. She's the key.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - LATER

Mark lays on the floor, still propped up on one elbow, reading the comic. Bored, he pushes it away. Notices on nearby which he hasn't seen before. Pulls it over THE COMIC'S COVER

has something very familiar on it...Freddy's claw, in mid-scratch, as though it were tearing the cover open. Written across the top in dripping letters is the title: NIGHTMARE ON

YOUR STREET.

MARK

intrigued, rolls hover on his stomach and opens the comic with both hands. His expression changes as he sees IN THE COMIC

drawn in black and white, a comic book style representation of Greta's death sequence!

MARK

begins to flip back through the comic book. INTERCUT his horrified reactions with

THE COMIC BOOK

the B&W illustrations depict the other mayhem that Freddy has already caused. Dan's death and Yvonne's dive.

MARK

You shitty son of a bitch!

There is a drawing of him, lying on the floor, reading a comic book. The drawing is followed by several BLANK FRAMES.

MARK

stares a moment, touches the first empty frame, then he TURNS

A LINE DRAWING and begins to UNRAVEL into the COMIC BOOK!

BLACK AND WHITE

a whirlwind of black and white comics swirl round and round, slowly abating to reveal

MARK

in COLOR, backed against a wall of BLACK AND WHITE Freddyized scaffolding. (Mark will be the only thing in color throughout the sequence.) He looks around, amazed.

PULL BACK to reveal he's standing in a corner made by two walls of scaffolding. They tower above him, rusting, decrepit, held together at odd angles -- a nightmarish cross between Mark's comic-stuffed racks and the ones in his father's workshop.

Mark looks around, frightened. Starts climbing his way up and out. Freezes when he hears...RIP!

Mark looks through the scaffolding and sees

FREDDY

on the other side, ripping through the scaffolding supports as though they were made of paper, cutting his way to Mark FREDDY

Time to cut another character out of the

story!

MARK

eyes going wide. He jumps down. Turns around. Sees the towering walls of

scaffolding stretching ahead of him to seeming infinity. He races away.

ANGLE ON MARK

running away from CAMERA down an enormous CANYON OF

FREDDYIZED RACKS.

THE CANYON OF RACKS - DOWN ANGLE

Looking down from far above we see Mark frantically racing through the canyon. Freddy steps into the canyon behind him.

Long shadows stretch out before them.

MARK

slides to a halt as he comes face to face with A DEAD END.

No way out. He turns as he hears FREDDY'S CACKLE.

BLACK AND WHITE FREDDY

laughs as he reaches out and grabs the scaffolding on either side of him. His fingers and claws plunge through the paper racks. Freddy cackles with laughter, then starts racing like a missile toward Mark!

BLACK AND WHITE FREDDY - SIDE ANGLE

TRACKING with Freddy as he rushes down the aisle, riding a SKATEBOARD, ripping and tearing through the rack supports.

ANGLE ON MARK

at the dead end. CAMERA RACES right toward him! He raises his arms against the impending collision.

THROUGH MARK'S HANDS

as we see BLACK AND WHITE FREDDY's leering face loom right into CAMERA about to CRASH right into MARK! Then ON MARK

Freddy's gone! Mark lowers his arms, amazed and relieved.

But his relief evaporates as CAMERA QUICKLY TRACKS AROUND and we see the scaffolding begin to collapse from the far end of the canyon forward, falling like dominoes toward us ON MARK - DOWN ANGLE

as ton after ton of scaffolding and shelves crash down around him, trapping him at the dead end corner.

MARK

looks at all the destruction around him. Suddenly, SPLAT!

Something red drips onto him from above. He looks up.

ON THE SCAFFOLDING BEHIND MARK - LOW ANGLE

The shelves that were stuffed with comics a second ago have become a WALL OF DOLLS; everything from BARBIES to RAGGEDY

ANNS.

Then, about halfway up, B&W FREDDY steps into view, dragging a GRETA DOLL IN A HIGH CHAIR with him. (They are the same size as the other dolls around them.)

Greta's porcelain face and stomach bear large cracks, through which an evil, soupy, RED goop oozes out. She stares imploringly at Mark. Speaks through cracked lips.

GRETA

Mark...help me...!

MARK

stares up at her, horrified.

FREDDY AND GRETA

Freddy teasingly scoops his clawed finger into Greta's torso.

Lovingly licks her red goop off the end of his claw.

FREDDY

Is she delicious or am I crazy? Try a

bite.

He laughs. Then gives her a shove. The high chair tilts forward, then topples off the scaffolding.

MARK

screams in frustration and rage.

MARK

No!

CLOSE ON MARK'S SNEAKERS

as they step back OUT OF SHOT. Greta, now a tiny porcelain doll, smashes to the floor, exploding into fragments.

MARK

stares down at the shattered fragments of tiny Greta.

Outrage begins to crawl across his features.

BLACK AND WHITE FREDDY

leaps off the scaffolding to Mark, below.

ON MARK'S BACK

shaking with anger and rage. Freddy drops down into the foreground behind him. Chortles smugly as he raises his claws for the kill.

Suddenly, Mark whirls around, and as he does he is no longer Mark, but

THE PHANTOM PROWLER (IN COLOR)

MARK (cont'd)

Payback time, you scarfaced limpdick.

He glares menacingly at Freddy as he raises two FUTURISTIC

PISTOLS. Aims point blank into Krueger's chest and starts blasting away!

BLACK AND WHITE FREDDY

eyes open in wide surprise. Wads of CONFETTI fly out of the holes being hammered into him. The impact knocks Freddy to the ground.

ANGLE ON PHANTOM PROWLER

Gun smoking, he advances on Black and White Freddy who lies unmoving in FOREGROUND. Suddenly...WHOOSH!

BLACK AND WHITE FREDDY

leaps to his feet! He is now transformed into SUPER FREDDY, a bulked up, rippling muscle Freddy Krueger. He stands with his hands on his hips, like a comic book hero.

FREDDY

Faster than a bastard maniac!

THE PHANTOM PROWLER

quickly raises his gun again. FIRES!

FREDDY (cont'd)

More powerful than a loco madman...it's -

laughs as bullets bounce off him.

FREDDY (cont'd)

(poses)

ME!

Then he whips his clawed hand up, swiping out toward CAMERA!

CLOSE ON MARK'S BACK

as Freddy's claws RIP and TEAR through it. The tears wide and grow until we are looking right through him at...

Freddy's hideous face!

PULL BACK to reveal the now PAPER Mark. As Freddy continues to slash him to shreds, the COLOR begins to DRAIN OUT of Mark and RUN ONTO THE FLOOR.

CLOSE SHOT - FREDDY'S CLAWS CUTTING PAPER

MOVE THROUGH A SERIES OF SHOTS

of Black and White Freddy cutting Mark to shreds. His mouth open in SOUNDLESS SCREAMS.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Told ya comic books were bad for ya.

FLUTTERING PIECES OF PAPER

fill the air. They float down. FOLLOW THEM as they move together towards the open comic book on the floor of Mark's room.

CLOSE ON COMIC BOOK

the pieces of paper reassemble, filling the empty frames of the book with the illustrated version of Mark's death.

PULL BACK from the comic and we see Mark lying on the floor next to it, CRUSHED TO DEATH beneath a section of his collapsed shelving. The COLOR that drained from the PHANTOM

PROWLER is now a growing pool of Mark's own blood.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK and we see the rest of his room is unharmed, except for a single set of shelves near Mark that teeter dangerously.

In the BACKGROUND, Alice lies on the bed still sleeping. But as we continue back, we see that Mark's room is now part of the Asylum corridor. We can hear Alice's voice, speaking to Yvonne OFF SCREEN.

ALICE (O.S.)

In the dream, she was standing in a room.

CONTINUE PULLING BACK as Alice's VOICE grows LOUDER.

ALICE (cont'd)

...it must be here in the asylum.

YVONNE

You think that's the place she's buried?

ALICE

If they actually bothered to bury her.

KEEP PULLING BACK UNTIL CAMERA REVEALS...

ALICE AND YVONNE

standing in FOREGROUND in the corridor. We see the back of Alice's head as she looks at Yvonne. Before she can answer, the CRASH of Mark's teetering bookshelves cause them to turn back toward the scene of the carnage. Mark's lifeless body lies beneath all the scaffolding. Alice clutches her belly in pain.

ALICE (cont'd)

NOOO!!!

Alice sees herself on the bed in Mark's room. Alice on the bed becomes awake. At that moment, both she and Yvonne VANISH from the corridor, yanked out of the dream.

INT. CAMPUS SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Yvonne's eyes snap OPEN as she comes awake with a start. She quickly glances around, realizes where she is, then hurriedly rises from the water

EXT. GREY'S CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Police cars are parked out in front, their twirling lights strobing the scene RED and BLUE as a small crowd of onlookers gather to watch Mark, in body bag, being wheeled into a waiting coroner's van.

ALICE AND HER FATHER

emerge from the big commercial door. He has his arm around her, nodding to plain clothes cop who follows them out.

COP

Nothing in the room was up to code. It's

a miracle you both weren't killed.

Alice's red-rimmed eyes flash with momentary anger. She realizes something.

ALICE

No, he won't hurt me. He needs me alive.

COP

Who?

Alice just shakes her head, knowing he wouldn't understand.

COP (cont'd)

(to Alice's father)

Take her home. She probably needs some

rest.

The cop turns away. Alice's father nods, starts leading her toward the street.

ANGLE ON STREET

as Yvonne's car rapidly pulls to the curb.

ALICE

sees her. Shrugs free of her father's arm and runs toward the street

ALICE

Yvonne!

ALICE AND YVONNE

ALICE (cont'd)

I know what Krueger's doing. Every time

someone dies, he gets closer to

finishing!

YVONNE

What?

ALICE

Jacob. We've got to get to Amanda before

it's too late.

Alice leads Yvonne back to her car. They start to climb in.

INT. YVONNE'S CAR

Yvonne jumps behind the wheel. Alice gets into the passenger side, her door still open. Beyond it, we see her father approaching.

YVONNE

But how are we gonna --

ALICE

We've got to go to the asylum and find

her body. Mark said her soul's trapped

with it -- that's why she can't come to

me. It must be!

ALICE'S DAD

(approaching)

Alice!

ALICE AND HER FATHER - AT THE CAR DOOR

ALICE

I've got to go.

ALICE'S DAD

(adamant)

No! I won't have you running around in

the middle of the night. You're coming

home.

ALICE

But Dad --

ALICE'S DAD

Now.

Alice reluctantly nods. Turns to Yvonne.

ALICE

Find Amanda. And hurry.

Alice's father pulls her from Yvonne's car. HOLD ON Yvonne a BEAT, watching her go. Then she starts the engine. Slams the car into gear with determined purpose.

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice and her father ENTER. She's frustrated and angry. He gives her a stern paternal look.

ALICE'S DAD

Now I want you to go upstairs and get

some sleep.

Alice thinks. Then nods, suddenly giving in.

ALICE

You're right. That's exactly what I need

to do.

Her father is taken aback. He grins.

ALICE'S DAD

It is...

Alice kisses him on the cheek, then heads for the stairs.

EXT. REAR ASYLUM - PRE-DAWN

EXTREME WIDE SHOT

with the STEPS in FOREGROUND. HEADLIGHTS sweep over them revealing that they are overgrown with weeds and cluttered with trash.

EXT. REAR ASYLUM - PRE-DAWN

CLOSE ON GARGOYLE

its face smashed and eroded by years of neglect and vandalism. TRACK LEFT to see Yvonne's car at the bottom of the steps. Yvonne closes the trunk, then starts up the steps, TOWARD CAMERA, carrying a flashlight and some tools.

ON THE ASYLUM DOORS

boarded up. Yvonne steps INTO SHOT, pausing before them.

She looks up at something high above her.

THE TOWER - LOW ANGLE

rising high into the first rays of dawn. The paling sky is reflected in the three windows at the top.

YVONNE

stares at it, realizing something. She turns back to the doors and climbs in through a gap in the boards.

INT. REAL ASYLUM CORRIDOR - PRE-DAWN

Early morning light flows in through the windows, illuminating the corridor, revealing years of neglect.

GRAFFITI adorns the peeling walls. LEAVES and BROKEN BOTTLES

are strewn across the floor, even a few empty cardboard BOXES, the makeshift homes of transients, rest among the clutter.

YVONNE walks INTO SHOT, TOWARD CAMERA, shining her flashlight around, moving cautiously until she passes CAMERA and we...

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - REVERSE ANGLE

The dream version of the corridor. Alice walks PAST CAMERA INTO SHOT. She shouts for Freddy.

ALICE

Come on out, Krueger! The game's over.

I know what you're up to.

CLOSER ON ALICE

she wears a look of grim determination as she taunts Freddy.

ALICE (cont'd)

I was too strong for you. So you picked

on Jacob, you bastard!

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Alice comes around the corner, stalking INTO SHOT. She looks around for Krueger, shouting as she heads for the STAIRS TO

THE TOWER ROOM at the end of the corridor.

ALICE (cont'd)

You're trying to tailor make him so you

can live through his dreams for the rest

of his life.

Alice halts. Glares around the walls and doors.

ALICE (cont'd)

Well I won't let you! You hear me,

Krueger!

Nothing. Alice starts up the stairs that lead to the brick wall.

ALICE (cont'd)

If you won't talk to me, maybe you'd like

to talk to Amanda.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

Alice stands before the wall. Lays both her hands against the bricks.

ALICE (cont'd)

Amanda!

(louder)

Sister Amanda Krueger!

INT. REAL ASYLUM CORRIDOR - PRE-DAWN

Yvonne stands at the top of the stairs facing the same brick wall in the real asylum. She hefts a pick, and SWINGS AT THE

BRICKS. There is a LOUD THUNK!

INT. ASYLUM - TIGHT ON ALICE

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. The THUNK echoes eerily, as though from a long way off. Suddenly we hear Freddy's CRY OF RAGE

from OFF SCREEN. Alice whips around!

FREDDY - FLASH CUTS

charging toward her down the corridor. Flashes of LIGHT

(BANG!) kick him further along, CLOSER TO CAMERA.

ALICE

rushes down the stairs, and runs toward the next corridor in front of her. Charges around the corner.

ANGLE ON ALICE

she charges toward the open metal door to the room of ONE

HUNDRED MANIACS. Their insane moans drift out into the corridor. Alice throws a taunt back to Freddy.

ALICE

Come on you fucking coward!

FREDDY

races around the same corner. Alice is no longer there.

Freddy slides to a halt as he recognizes the doorway that leads to the HUNDRED MANIACS. Their MOANS rise, growing LOUDER as Freddy stands before the gaping doorway transfixed by fear. He doesn't hear...

REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA rushes towards Freddy's backside. We hear the SOUND

of SQUEAKING, RUSTY WHEELS. Then a VOICE building to a high pitched SCREAM!

ALICE

screams as she charges toward Freddy with the black, nasty FREDDY STROLLER. She hits him from behind!

FREDDY

SCREAMS as he's impaled on SPIKES protruding from the front of the stroller!

ANGLE ON ALICE AND FREDDY

Alice charges with the stroller toward CAMERA like a juggernaut from hell. Freddy struggles to free himself, arms and legs flailing wildly.

AT THE DOOR TO THE MANIACS

Alice gives the stroller a MIGHT SHOVE!

FREDDY AND STROLLER

fly through the open doorway. Bounce against the rial at the top of the landing.

OVER ALICE'S SHOULDER

as Freddy FLIES down the stairs, separating from the stroller.

FREDDY

tumbles TOWARD CAMERA, screaming!

BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Freddy looks around in horror as his fathers surround him and literally begin to tear him to pieces. Freddy SCREAMS!

ALICE gazes down in victory.

ALICE (cont'd)

Goodnight, asshole.

ON FREDDY AND THE MANIACS

They tear him apart. An arm flies here. A leg there. As each limb hits the floor, it turns into a scuttling mass of GREEN AND RED striped SPIDERS.

ALICE

closes her eyes, relieved, but not really wanting to see this. As Freddy's O.S. screams recede, HOLD ON ALICE

Suddenly, one of the striped spiders drops onto Alice's coat from above. She screams and jumps back, as others land and begin scuttling up her sleeves. With a scream of revulsion she tears off her jacket and begins stamping on it.

JACOB (O.S.)

Mommy, meet my friend...

Alice turns and looks back through the doorway to see THE ASYLUM CORRIDOR - THE ESCHER MAZE

Now an Escheresque, expressionistic landscape. A puzzle world made up of bits of Freddy's boiler room, the asylum corridors and TOWER, the Elm Street house interior, the abandoned church, etc. It's an insane, logic-defying world where water runs uphill and stairs and doors stand at impossible angles to one another. Across everything, Freddy's boiler, on a huge PENDULUM, swings back and forth, counting cadence.

JACOB AND FREDDY

stand in a far doorway before a flight of stairs. Freddy has been transformed. He and Jacob now both have the same ETHEREAL GLOW. Freddy grins, sardonically.

FREDDY

Just what I really needed. Thank you.

It's a whole new me. Like it?

ALICE

dread rising inside her, leaves the asylum and steps into Escherland.

THE BOILER PENDULUM

swings across CAMERA, WIPING FRAME to

CLOSE ON FREDDY AND JACOB

He takes Jacob's hand. Laughs, savoring the irony.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Kid's got my profile!

INT. REAL ASYLUM CORRIDOR

Yvonne swings again with the pick, knocking another brick loose. Through the holes that she's made we can see the rotting boards on a door.

INT. ESCHER MAZE

CLOSE ON ALICE

as she steps through the door and moves into the maze.

CAMERA follows her, then stops as Alice moves past. PAN with Alice as she looks up at Freddy and her son. Jacob looks apprehensive.

JACOB

Mommy...?

ALICE

Come on downstairs. He won't hurt you.

He needs us both.

FREDDY

I've got you both.

Freddy makes a threatening, teasing motion.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Which half would you like?

ALICE

Come on, Jacob. Time to go home.

THE BOILER PENDULUM

arcs across FRAME.

CLOSE ON FREDDY AND JACOB - LOW ANGLE

Jacob looks up at him. Hesitates. Then RUNS DOWN THE STAIRS

toward CAMERA. Freddy quickly turns and charges UP THE

STAIRS.

WIDE ANGLE ON ESCHER MAZE

Alice is a small figure near her door in the BACKGROUND.

Jacob races toward her, away from CAMERA. Freddy, upside down, rushes across TOP OF FRAME, trying to head Jacob off.

CLOSE ON JACOB

running toward CAMERA. Suddenly, Freddy pops INTO FRAME, upside down, right behind him!

ANOTHER ANGLE ON JACOB

Terrified. Running toward us for all he's worth! CAMERA TILTS UP to Freddy taking a swipe at him with his CLAWS!

SIDE ANGLE ON JACOB (CRAVE-INN)

He's almost to his mother when...he hears an OFF SCREEN voice that stops him in his tracks

VOICE (O.S.)

Jacob...

JACOB TURNS

WIDER ANGLE

Back of Alice's head in FOREGROUND watching as Jacob turns and looks back at Dan!

CLOSE ON ALICE (ESCHER MAZE)

Her eyes open wide. The man she loves, the man she thought she'd never see again, is right before her. We see the confusion and longing in her face...

ALICE

(to herself)

Dan?...

CLOSE ON DAN (CRAVE-INN)

wearing a warm, reassuring smile as he moves toward CAMERA.

DAN

It's all right, Jacob... Come to Daddy.

ANGLE THROUGH GLASS FLOOR (CRAVE-INN)

looking up as Dan WALKS ACROSS THE LENS toward Jacob, his arms outstretched to the boy.

CLOSE ON JACOB

Hesitating. Unsure. Dan ENTERS FRAME. His hand moving toward Jacob...

CLOSE ON ALICE

She fights back confusion and realizes

ALICE

(shouting)

He's not your father!

TIGHT ON DAN'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND

suddenly BONE LIKE CLAWS emerge from DAN's FINGERTIPS!

JACOB

turns and runs!

FREDDY

Kids! Always a disappointment.

FREDDY/DAN snarls, enraged and charges after Jacob.

INT. ESCHER MAZE

Jacob runs for Alice, who picks him up in her arms as he reaches her. As she sees Freddy approach, she turns and runs.

INT. ASYLUM BASEMENT

Alice finds herself at the end of the staircase which she has run down. She stands in the vast, impossibly large crypt beneath the asylum. Huge, ancient columns inscribed with hieroglyphic and indented with the faces of dead souls support the roof far above.

One staircase leads to the asylum through which the souls of the maniacs can be heard and another, apparently, leads to the real world: Alice's bathroom.

ALICE'S POV

as she puts Jacob down and turns to face Freddy. But he's nowhere to be seen. Alice whirls around looking for him.

ON JACOB

his brow furrowed in thought.

ALICE

Where is he?

JACOB

(pauses before answering)

He's inside you, where he hides.

ALICE

looks at him in amazement.

ALICE

What do you mean?

JACOB

It's where he hides out. Inside. That's

how he found me.

ALICE

a look of horrified realization crosses her face.

ALICE

But how...?

JACOB

(interrupting)

He says it's easy. Especially with sad

people. With closed-off people.

ALICE

stares at Jacob thoughtfully. A look of determination dawns on her face.

ALICE

All right, Krueger. This time it's for

keeps.

INT. ASYLUM BASEMENT

Suddenly, Alice gets a new look of horror in her eyes as her face begins to distort. The back of Freddy's head begins to emerge though Alice's face. It keeps coming until his entire neck and head pulls itself out and stares at her.

FREDDY

Come on, Alice. Now we can really get to

know each other.

Alice stares at him in disgust and terror. Grabs his head and shouts at the top of her lungs.

ALICE

NO!!!

The struggle begins. Freddy shoots an arm out from behind her shoulder and tries to grab Alice in a headlock. He's trying to take over from the inside out!

Freddy's leg pushes its way out through her calf. His other arm snakes out from her torso. Tries to choke her. She screams out in desperation and rage.

INT. REAL ASYLUM CORRIDOR

CLOSE ON INSIDE OF DOOR

as a brick tumbles loose and falls TOWARD CAMERA. Yvonne's face appears, peering into the gloom.

INT. ASYLUM BASEMENT

Alice drops to her knees, falling through frame until her face fills the screen in an open-mouthed scream of anguish and pain.

ALICE

Get out! Get out!!

ANGLE ON ALICE

bathed in a stream of light from the shattered church window above her. We hear Freddy's laugh coming from inside her.

INT. REAL ASYLUM - STAIRS

Yvonne furiously picks and pries away at the bricks, trying to widen the hole she's made at the bottom of the door. She gets down on her hands and knees before the hole she's made in the bricks. She pushes against the cracked and rotting boards of the door. They won't give...

INT. ASYLUM BASEMENT

Alice and Freddy locked in combat.

INT. REAL ASYLUM - STAIRS

Yvonne throws herself at the boards of the door. They split under the impact and she flies into the room. She gets to her knees and stares in awe at

SISTER AMANDA

kneeling on the dust covered floor, her back to Yvonne.

YVONNE

gets to her feet and cautiously approaches.

ON AMANDA - FROM BEHIND

as Yvonne warily steps INTO SHOT, her hand slowly stretching out toward the nun's back. As Yvonne is about to lay her hand on Armada's shoulder

YVONNE AND AMANDA - SIDE ANGLE

Amanda begins turning. Cut to WIDE SHOT outside Amanda's open door. Everything EXPLODES TOWARDS CAMERA - including YVONNE.

INT. ASYLUM BASEMENT

ON JACOB

crying as he watches Alice, who is obviously losing the fight with Freddy. Amanda's voice, close by, suddenly cuts through the sound of the struggle.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Jacob! Alice will not triumph.

Jacob looks up and around, puzzled. Amanda is nowhere to be seen. Again, he hears her voice as if she were standing behind him.

AMANDA (O.S. cont'd)

Only you can help her now, Jacob.

With a snarl of anger, as if dismissing the thought, Jacob bounds up the bridge toward the struggling couple.

JACOB

Hey! Leave her. She's no fun anymore.

I want to go home now.

Freddy looks at Jacob. He sees a different boy, now. A nasty evil expression on his face.

CLOSE-UP - JACOB

his face begins to change. Subtly at first, then not as he is becoming more like Freddy.

JACOB (cont'd)

(in his Freddy's child voice)

Let's go, I want to learn stuff from you.

(a Freddy leer crosses his

face)

Will you teach me?

Freddy at first looks suspicious, then smiles and extricates himself from Alice who is looking at Jacob in horror. Freddy gives her an obscene kiss as he separates from her. She sinks to the ground exhausted and beaten.

Freddy approaches Jacob who smiles evilly. Suddenly Freddy stops. He snarls as he sees something behind Jacob.

Jacob turns and sees Amanda, far above, silhouetted in the doorway to the asylum.

AMANDA

Now, Jacob! Unleash the power he has

given you!

Jacob turns back and looks at Freddy.

JACOB

(Freddyized)

Fuck you, Krueger

As he speaks, his mouth grows larger, impossibly large. A violent wind appears to be rushing from him.

Finally with a roar, the decrepit souls of DAN, GRETA and MARK rush from him and hurl themselves upon Freddy. The ectoplasmic trio strike Freddy full in the chest, ripping through him and emerging from his back. As they doe so, they pull him backwards towards Amanda.

ON JACOB

as the last of the souls leave him, his face returns to normal and he falls out of frame, apparently dissolving as he does so.

ON FREDDY

howling in anguish as he is dragged back.

CLOSE UP

Freddy's feet being dragged.

CLOSE UP

Freddy's back bulging as the souls drag him along.

CLOSE UP

Freddy's sleeves as the hands begin to disappear inwards.

AMANDA

Come home, my son. All of us are waiting

for you now.

Suddenly, with a sickening wrench, the Freddy fetus is ripped out of his back.

CLOSE UP

Freddy's clothes falling to the floor in a heap.

CLOSE UP

The Freddy Fetus emerging from a steaming pile of ectoplasm, malevolently glaring at Amanda.

ON ALICE

As she sees the new BABY JACOB emerging from his pile of clothes on the floor, she rushes to him and picks him up, cradling him tenderly in her arms.

ON AMANDA

who seizes the Freddy Fetus and holds it to her.

AMANDA (cont'd)

I forgive you, my son.

INTERCUT

as the two mothers simultaneously merge with their off-spring.

Amanda shudders in silent agony as she accepts her son back inside her.

As Alice receives Jacob, an optical effect surrounds them as he is absorbed. The effect coalesces into a single column of light which drives upwards, finally fading as the souls of Dan, Mark and Greta take their leave.

Alice looks across at Amanda and starts towards her, instinctively. Amanda is now silhouetted again in the doorway to the room of the maniacs.

AMANDA (cont'd)

Don't come near. Take your son and

leave.

ON AMANDA

Sadly she turns to leave. We think the fight is over, when suddenly, grotesquely appearing from her back, Freddy's arm shoots out. Amanda gasps and clutches the doorway. As a look of determination crosses her face, the arm is sucked back inside.

A muffled howl of anguish echoes around as she steps through the doorway into the room of 100 maniacs. The SOUND of the maniacs rises to a crescendo.

A SERIES OF DOORS

starting with the one in front of Amanda, slam shut, one after the next until the final door - right in front of Alice SLAMS CLOSED BLOCKING HER OFF FOREVER FROM AMANDA!

We hear the echo of that final SLAM, then SILENCE.

ALICE

stands there, staring at the last door. The SOUNDS OF A CRYING INFANT COME UP ON THE TRACK

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bucolic. Sunny. Serene. A picnic table rests beneath the shade of a tree in MIDDLE FOREGROUND. Beyond it, children romp and play. The infant's CRYING grows LOUDER as A BABY'S ARM moves into EXTREME FOREGROUND and stops. Two female arms reach in and lift a CRYING, cherubic infant.

Follow the arms up to Alice, as she tenderly cradles JACOB.

Yvonne steps INTO SHOT admiring the baby.

YVONNE

You do good work, Alice.

ALICE

So did Dan.

CAMERA TRACKS as they move to the picnic table. Alice gently shushes and rocks Jacob, who quiets down.

YVONNE

He sure loves to stay awake.

ALICE

That's okay. He's got the rest of his life to catch up on his sleep.

Jacob closes his eyes, safely ensconced in his mother's arms, and drifts off to sleep.

ALICE (cont'd)

Sweet dreams, Jacob Daniel.

SLOWLY DOLLY BACK - SLOW MOTION

as a JUMP ROPE held by someone OFF SCREEN arcs over the top of CAMERA moving down through the frame with a WHOOSH. And again, WHOOSH. And again...

Then the back of a CHILD'S HEAD, very white and soft focused, bobs INTO BOTTOM FRAME as the rope comes down over the lens one more time and we

FADE OUT.